

ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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THE FREE PRESS.

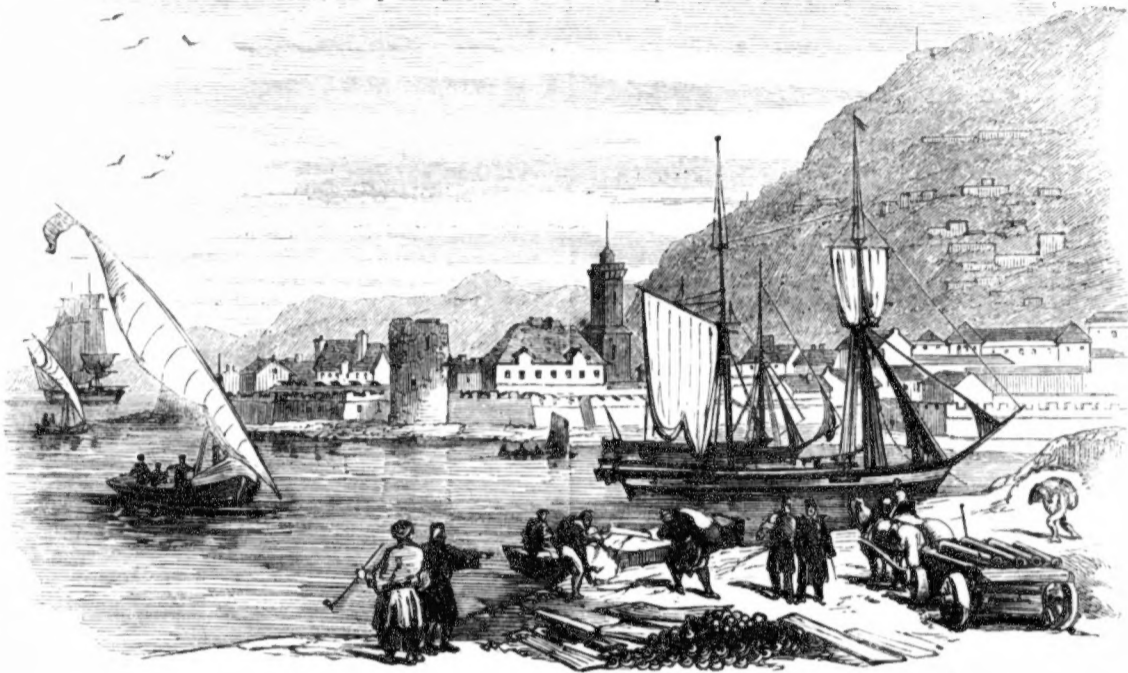
THE abolition of the Newspaper Stamp will form an epoch in the history of England. It is an event which connects itself—looking backwards—with the Reformation;—looking forward—with the most indefinite and distant future of Europe. Philosophically speaking, it is one more development of the principle of individual freedom *versus* government control, which for three centuries now, has been at the bottom of all politics. That red mark, simple as it looked, and valuing itself only at a “penny,” was a symbol of the highest importance. It represented the oldest pretensions of power in its opposition to the latest results of liberty. Like the seal on a letter, or the mark on a sheep, it was far more significant than its mere size indicated. It was the touch of the state’s finger on the garment of the individual. It was like a “broad arrow” on everybody’s daily biscuit. It lurked in the corner of one’s favourite journal, as it were to hint that there was a power, somewhere, which arrogated the right of dealing with human thought as coolly as with material productions. This, we say, was its symbolic force.—And when a symbol is removed, a great deal is done,—much more than the inconsiderate fancy! An ancient pagan, we may be sure, had listened, long and sympathetically, to the Christian missionary, before he gathered up resolution enough finally to demolish the familiar old wooden Priapus in his garden.

We are sure, however, that he would be a careless observer who looked with the awe of a terrorist on this last change in the intellectual history of England. It is but the latest of an inevitable series of changes—one of a link which goes back to days the changes of which have formed modern life. A tax on newspapers, sufficiently heavy to prevent new ones coming out, was a tax on talent and energy

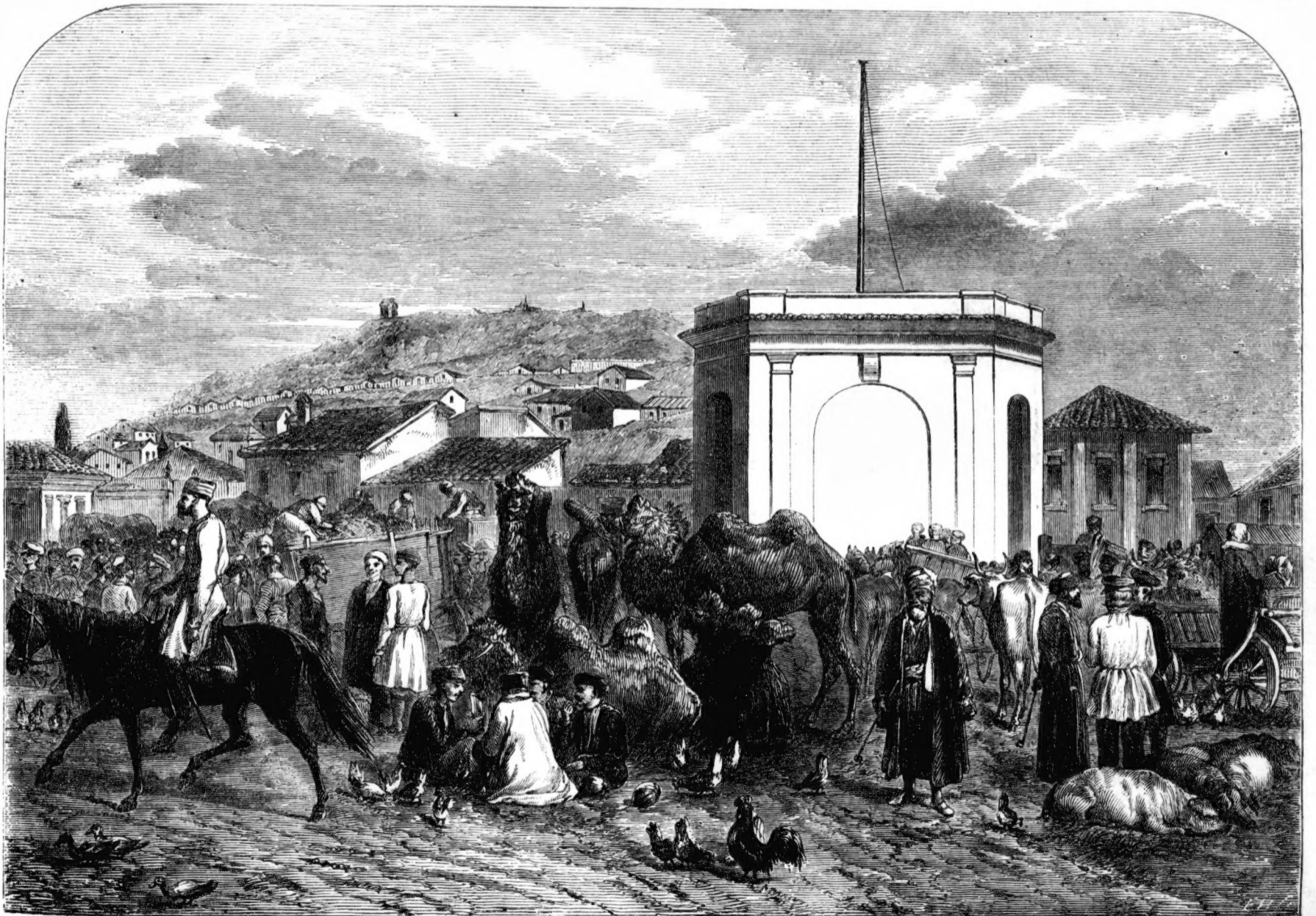
reflected the colour of the time.—The Journalist is a younger brother of the Man-of-letters, and appeared after him, just as *he* appeared in consequence of printing, the Reformation, and the revival of the classics. Both were the representatives of opinion and the creatures of change. While the old system of Europe held together in unity, no such men were needed. When that unity

—equally inconsistent in a time which refuses to tax corn, and in a country which values itself on its “public opinion.” It united a monopoly in trade with an injustice in politics. For why should a wealthy trader be protected against competition? And why should a man who is free to address the public from a tub in Smithfield, be hindered from addressing them through a sheet of printed paper?—Our first assertion in coming before the world with an un-stamped newspaper, is that un-stamped newspapers are as much the natural results of English history as the House of Commons or the Crystal Palace. Our second is, that a cheap newspaper is as much the natural result of the present state of trade as cheap pine-apples or cheap quarter-loaves. Our convictions on the subject of the change resolve themselves into two,—that it was inevitable, and that it will not be mischievous.

Like the Theatre,—the Church,—or any other public institution,—the press of England has always taken its chance with the governments of the day, and has reflected the colour of the time.—The Journalist is a younger brother of the Man-of-letters, and appeared after him, just as *he* appeared in consequence of printing, the Reformation, and the revival of the classics. Both were the representatives of opinion and the creatures of change. While the old system of Europe held together in unity, no such men were needed. When that unity



VIEW OF KERTCH.



THE OLD MARKET-PLACE AT KERTCH.—(FROM A SKETCH BY RAFFET.)



broke up, and novelties of every kind filled the minds and hearts of mankind with a new activity, they became indispensable. They constituted a new body of Representatives. The priest only represented his church. Writers represented all the world. Every man who had any parts or any experience, found that printing did for him what Parliament did for barons, knights, and burgesses. Erasmus, the first genius of his time, found his sphere as a priest paltry,—his sphere as a man-of-letters boundless. The influence of such men paved the way for modern journalism. They popularised thought and opinion, and made reading one of the amusements of life. In the century after Erasmus's death, journalism made its appearance; and—associated with "News"—there gradually grew up that branch of literature which, in time, has come to represent for thousands literature itself,—and which is the only institution in Europe which is more powerful, now, than it was a century since.

Newspapers began, as everybody knows, in a very humble and homely manner. The sheets bearing the name were petty in size, paltry in appearance, and ridiculed by men like Ben Jonson, whose cause in reality was identical with that of their projectors. The "Weekly News" of 1622 is a petty pamphlet, containing a few paragraphs of rumours from the Continent, and nothing else. Newspapers had as yet no political importance, and showed no signs that they would ever have any. They simply gratified that taste for tidings of foreign doings which was a natural result of the immense energy of the age that had gone by—the great Elizabethan age which consolidated the Reformation, colonised America, and inaugurated English literature. Up to this time, all who ventured into print were under distinct censorship, and liable to terrible responsibility. Satirists were hanged by HENRY VII.—imprisoned by Cardinal Wolsey,—mutilated by ELIZABETH; and it needed no great ingenuity to make out what we should consider a smart article to be a malignant libeller. The instinct of self-preservation and the tradition of high authority, made kings and prelates deal as summarily with a man who attacked by pen, as they did with one who attacked by sword. A race of stern writers was bred by this discipline—men who are to the journalist what the martyrs are to the priest—who were Puritans in their relation to the Church, and "liberals" in their relation to the throne,—the men who suffered from the Star Chamber during the troublous years which preceded the Civil War. For writing as a hundred newspapers now write, every week, they were imprisoned, fined, branded, tortured, and whipped.

The effect of the Civil Wars upon the English press was immense. A fight with the pen was kept up alongside the fight with the sword. The Cavalier and Roundhead have left their images in literature, as they have in history and portraiture. Gay and gallant gentlemen drew pen for Charles with the same brilliant vivacity with which their friends rode to the field for him. The two parties appealed to all England, upon their great quarrel. And here we may observe, that the press, from its very nature, is the widest of all institutions. A church is circumscribed by its "articles." The stage is limited by its conditions of space and of time, and by a censorship. A Press includes all talents and all opinions, and is capable of indefinite extension. It mirrors everything and everybody as impartially as the sea. Any one may start his paper,—as he may buy himself a gun. If he cannot get anybody to listen to him,—he should consider it just possible that it is because he has nothing to say. A Press is a Parliament in which everybody talks—a new form of national discussion.

When everybody, then, with any vocation that way, found the passionate inspiration of a time like the Civil Wars urging him into print, a great stimulus was necessarily given to that kind of talent which is required for journalism; and further, the task of coercing it became more and more difficult. All power naturally coerces what threatens it; and as for abstract "toleration," no philosophy spreads more slowly. Nobody was tolerant in those days; and the Long Parliament held a tight rein, as tight as ever was drawn by kingly hand, on all whom it thought dangerous to its cause. But the tendency of a Press is towards freedom;—its breadth and width make it difficult to grasp it in the gripe of power. It is naturally expansive and illimitable; whence it is, that while the Drama, which is one of the oldest things in the world, is still in fetters, the Newspaper Press, barely two centuries old, on the most liberal calculation, has grown to complete independence. We have said that the Man-of-Letters was the forerunner of the Journalist. In the crisis of which we are now writing, the voice of MILTON made itself heard in vindication of liberty of printing. This marks an epoch in literary history. MILTON was no more what is now called a "Democrat," than he was a Chinese; but he knew that the inevitable tendency of European thought was towards liberty of literary expression. The Long Parliament appointed a "censor," and had a committee who paid people for seizing hostile presses; and yet newspapers continued to appear with punctuality, and the proceedings of Parliament were published. England was bent on having them, and governments could only have a partial success in their limitation. The story of the Press is the story of the old myth of King MIDAS and his ears. Once whispered to the wide-spreading reeds, how can the state of His Majesty's ears remain a secret? The invisible air vibrates with the news; and who can imprison the air?

The Restoration was followed by a period of re-action, and by various acts of despotism—somewhat in the manner of the Sultans—like other proceedings of the period. Indeed, it was a period which aped the morals of Stamboul and the manners of Paris. A government which once tried to put down coffee-houses was not likely to spare journals; so they stopped "Mercurius Politicus," made the publication of news a government monopoly, and established a "licenser." Few ages have been more corrupt, as its literature exists to testify. By checking public literary action, it made private lampoons inexpressibly malignant and unredemably gross. By suppressing freedom, it produced licentiousness instead; by discouraging the discussion of principles, it left obscene buffoons in possession of the public ear: just as at Rome, under the Emperors, the high literature languished, and wags and flatterers like MARTIAL enjoyed suburban villas and drove handsome mules. It sometimes happens in history that nations become too degenerate to be fit for a free press. But when that period has come, when a nation with a free constitution originally—has lost its liberty—it loses its virtue too. Hence the freedom of the press is a good index of the state of a time. In Charles the Second's time everything was sacrificed to the private convenience of the Court, and liberty of printing with the rest. It is the characteristic of despotism to destroy the resources of a country in the very act of enjoying them, as has been admirably put by MONTESQUIEU, who compares it to the conduct of certain savage islanders who cut down the fruit trees in order to get at the fruit. While Charles was intent on enjoying England, he at the same time was making it not worth the enjoying. What he did, without malignity, but as a careless sensualist surrounded by bad men, his brother James did, with gloomy and pedantic earnestness. The later years of the great seventeenth century were distinguished by a savage

sharpness of persecution, tinged with the deep bitterness peculiar to cruelty when it is theological. The jail and the pillory were the lot of more than one brave and earnest writer. It should be remarked, that all this later persecution was infinitely more disgraceful than the early coercion of writers by the governors of states. It was now become a base and cowardly proceeding; for those who exercised it were unable to show any justification by their own capacity to govern. While the king still governed, a pretence for suppressing interference might be made. But the ridiculous and the infamous were strangely blended, when men tried to face a new era, which it was their business to lead and to interpret, with no higher policy than they could borrow from the common hangman.

The Revolution of 1688 abolished the Censorship. After that time, though efforts were made occasionally to renew "licensing," these were defeated. The fact is, that both parties found the freedom necessary, though writers had to take the chances which that freedom involved. "Parliamentary reporting," even in the humblest or rudest form, was interdicted and punished. But the people grew gradually accustomed to public discussions in journals. The great parties of the state required fighting-men, and along with the spread of party came the growth of journalism. It was not till the reign of Anne, which began in 1702, that the first daily newspaper was established. The literature of the time—which for a particular kind of excellence is still unrivalled—supplies abundant evidence of the increasing importance of journalism. It is commonly asserted that literature was in high honour then; but indeed it was the journalistic importance of men which made them successful, and brought them their greatest triumphs. Whiggery made the fortune of Addison, much more than Sir Roger de Coverley, as the "Examiner" and his pamphlets made Swift the darling habitué of the highest houses.

The "10th of Anne" was the Act which first imposed the Stamp. Curiously enough, soap is taxed by the same bill, besides paper, silk, and many other articles. The tax was a half-penny on every half-sheet, and a penny on a whole one. It struck and brought down many a journal—shattered by the blow like a boy's kite struck by a stone. The "Spectator" raised its price, and was discontinued next year. This stamp remained a permanent burden, and was regulated by subsequent acts of Parliament. It led, of course, to evasions of the law; for which, again, provision was made by further enactments. Meanwhile, it still remained illegal to publish debates in Parliament, and still popular curiosity required, directly or indirectly, this branch of intelligence. Dr. Johnson's labours in this way are well known; and one of the choice bits of eloquence of his day—Pitt's reply to Horatio Walpole—has come down to us in the unmistakable garb of his stately and vigorous style. During the whole of the century, the Press was gradually growing in importance, for after all it represented, more effectually than any other institution, the feeling of the country. Its success was but a further progress of the representative principle; and whenever the success was attacked, that principle was attacked along with it. The Eighteenth Century saw an incessant increase of the new press power, and an incessant decrease of every old power. It began its career by putting Defoe in the pillory; it finished it by sending the most ancient monarchy in Europe into exile.

The most important event in the history of the English press during the last century, was the publication of Junius's letters in a newspaper. Their effect gave an immense stimulus to journalism; and with the exception of a few choice essays from the time of Swift to our own, they are the only journalistic works which live as part of our standard literature. They proved significantly, of what high importance newspaper writing might be. It would be tedious to detail the various struggles between the press and the authorities of the kingdom during the last century. In Anne's time, it was not difficult to "swinge" a writer, and the Secretary of State sent a "messenger" after him. In George the Third's time, a press prosecution assumed the guise of a trial of national interest. Its liberty was the subject of some of the best eloquence of Sheridan, and Mackintosh, and Erskine, as it has been in our own day of that of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. A prosecution at best, even when supported by a jury's willingness to convict, really effected very little, and often turned an ordinary man into an extraordinary martyr. Press progress being a fact in the history of the world, could not be put down. It became evident that revolutionary newspapers must be met by other newspapers—that newspapers are engines, the use of which is open as well to one party as another, as cannon are employed to defend towns as well as to assail them. Any party which now neglects their use, commits the same mistake which a farmer would who should adhere to old ploughs and old harrows.

Between 1712, and 1836, the Stamp had gradually increased to fourpence. In 1836, it was reduced to a penny. The effect of its maintenance at fourpence, was to produce a horde of unstamped journals; a similar difficulty hampered the law officers of the crown after the change of '36, and has contributed to the final abolition which has just taken place. For, not the least absurdity of the impost was that its theory was to tax *news*, so that it restricted a useful kind of publication, and spared a mischievous one. A tax awaited the man who announced that a king had died, or a ministry changed; and impunity the man who chose to publish indecency in the guise of fiction. We deny that anybody was benefited by its maintenance but a few journals of established wealth, which it protected from competition, and which, since journals are liable to abuses as well as other institutions, require to be kept in check, precisely as they themselves keep in check governments. We are well acquainted with the pretexts by which these corporations defended their monopoly; and these—advanced as they are without scruple—we shall repel with very little ceremony.

In our very brief and imperfect sketch of newspaper history, we have seen the power of the press incessantly increasing, till it has become a power which it is now impossible to suppress, and useless to ignore. How, then, have restrictions affected its history? Whenever we can get distinct evidence, we find they have affected it mischievously. They have led to the production of inferior journals, contrary to law. They have kept well-written journals out of the reach of poor people—consigning over these to the temptations of a kind of literature which our law-officers leave "free" and which is corrupting and debasing. They have not prevented mischievous literature, supposing that to be their object. On that side of matters, indeed, all arguments are in our favour. The professedly infamous journals of some years ago, were dear in price; and we have direct evidence from newspapers to be seen in the Report of the Committee on Newspaper Stamps to the effect, that cheap innocent journals are found to beat cheap impure ones—by an immense difference—whenever people have it in their power to choose between them. Surely, then, cheapness is not fatal of necessity to a journal's morals, any more now than it was in the days of the cheap "Spectator" of Addison.

The truth is that the Newspaper in these modern times—for various reasons, into which we need not go—plays an important part in popular Education. It is an amusement to a rich man, but to a poor one it supplies the place of books. To those who do not travel, it in

some degree supplies the place of travel. Now, "news" is a very wide, some kind of intellectual matter—much more so to ignorant people than fiction—and the heart of mankind naturally seeks for *reality*. We are the old ballads but bits of history in song—news of the day, which the minstrels carried about from place to place? One of the earliest feelings by which the uncultivated nature is awakened, is the feeling of wonder—and to this, tidings from beyond sea, the doings of parliaments and princes, vividly appeal. Shut up these from men, and something finds its way to supply their place—the unholy tale or the rabid tract: something which you *don't* stamp, and which does its bad work unchecked. By checking journalism, you prevent one class knowing what the other class is about; and this separation is the very worst feature of our age, one which did not exist in the old days—when towns were less gigantic, when the nobles lived more in their counties, and all classes lived more in the open air, and met each other far oftener in public. It is the peculiar function of a journal to supersede the artificial influences which gradual change have brought about; and a cheap journal has it in its power widely to contribute to that social, and individual, and educational improvement, which alone is worthy of the enthusiasm of a wise public man.

For ourselves and our own share in the future of this great and serious time—our best argument is a copy of our paper. Neither talent nor virtue are, we venture to submit, confined within the circle of writers who write for periodicals of the traditional six-penny and five-penny establishments! By a vulgarity of sentiment which is on a par with its want of common sense—cheapness, with some of these journals, is identical with ignoble and dangerous objects. This is a dull old calumny, inspired by the most sordid motives and sharpened by the shabbiest jealousy. The Crown is not in danger—though the undue profits of a monopolist may be—from journals like ours. With so many commercial changes in progress, it is just possible that a good newspaper may be within the reach of everybody at the modest rate at which we are able to vend this one—thanks to a Free Press!

KERTCH.

If it be the province of Poverty to enlarge our experience by an acquaintance with strange bedfellows—the greater evil, War, certainly possesses the parallel advantage of teaching us the most unexpected geographies.

A fortnight ago, who in this country had ever heard of Kertch—or, having attained that pitch of intimacy, could point out its whereabouts on the map? Nay—on what ordinary English map, of more than two years old, could the name have been found at all? Whereas now—thanks to intelligence received within little more than a week of an expedition planned, a coast abandoned, a merchant fleet captured or destroyed—we are suddenly as familiar with Kertch in name, locality, and maritime importance, as we are with Wapping! Perhaps more so.

Kertch—whose fortunate possession secures to the allied western forces, the entire command of the Sea of Azof—is a handsome modern sea-port constructed on the site of ancient Ponticæpura, the capital of Pontus. It contains about 12,000 inhabitants; is planned upon the latest municipal improvements; and, abounding in architectural beauties and commercial advantages, may be taken as a type of that superficial semblance of civilization and progress, by which Lieutenant Rayer and other tourists of similar mental calibre (English and American) have been deluded into ecstasies with the enlightenment of Muscovite institutions; but whose deceptive splendours have certainly entitled barbarian Russia to the rank of a whitened sepulchre among nations.

Kertch was built by the late Czar Nicholas (who could command the ablest architects for his "show" towns, as he could the most reckless army tailors for his state uniforms), on similar principles. It is situated on the northern coast, and stretches out in the form of a crescent, on the western part of the bay. It consists of a handsome main thoroughfare, beautifully paved, with a raised footpath in the centre, and intersected by numerous lateral streets, all well built, and kept in unexceptionable order. The buildings are of a white calcareous stone, similar to that found in the neighbourhood of Odessa. The main street is terminated by a pægon, surrounded by an arcade, forming the market-place—the subject of our engraving.

This market-place is built on the site of the ancient Mussulman Bazaar, of which few relics have survived the inroads of Russian progress. (1) A modern Russian tourist (writing before the war) gives the following description of the market-place of Kertch:—

"Twenty different races elbow and jostle one another in this market-place. Russians, Tartars, Nogais, Jews, Turkish sailors, Genoese, and Ragusans, all agitated by the same mercantile ardour. When all is done, they depart across the plain in various vehicles, each one the history of a people—the Russians in *telekas*, drawn by horses; the Tartars in their antique cars, rolling on huge wooden discs, shouting from their driving seats to their lazy oxen; the Nogais in their large *maldygers* of wicker-work. On their market-days all is animation. At other times Kertch is a remarkably quiet, regularly-built town, much exposed to the element, and apparently of easy access to the enemy."

Recent events have corroborated the Russian's estimate, although at the time he wrote he hardly had in mind the allied forces of France and England, as the enemy to be deeded by the quiet inhabitants of Kertch.

A gigantic staircase ascends from the market-place to a Greek temple, (the principal place of worship), whose site has been deeply excavated in a hill overlooking the city—known as the hill of Mithridates. Here the tomb of that notorious scourge of Rome is said to exist; and a rudely carved rock is pointed out by tradition as the seat where he used to watch his innumerable fleets, (the terror of the then western European powers), dotting the Cimmerian Bosphorus beneath him; probably with much the same feelings as those with which the late Emperor Nicholas, (1) Mithridates in his way, but with different Rome to deal with), might have contemplated his fleets in the Bay of Cronstadt—supposing he had seen their way out of it! The temple itself is an imposing building, of recent construction, but on an ancient Greek model. The staircase alluded to, (unquestionably the sight or "lion" of the town), is ornamented with vases and representations of the Panticæpæan Griffin, the symbol of Mithridates.

As a harbour, Kertch—though possessing a splendid line of quays—is comparatively useless. The ever-receding waters of the straits of Yenikale, have rendered it impossible for vessels of large draught to approach the town. The uncertainty as to the exact soundings of the bay, with the difficulty in ascertaining them, is said to have been the reason of the expedition not having been undertaken earlier. The manner in which the desirable knowledge was finally obtained, deserves commemoration. The story is as follows:—

A British naval officer, whose name has, unfortunately, not yet reached us, captured a vessel having on board a private carriage belonging to the Russian Governor of Kertch. With this "material pledge" in his possession, he sent in a polite message to the governor, stating that the English cruiser was unwilling to deprive him of his private property, and would have great pleasure in restoring the carriage to its former owner. The offer was accepted, and the ship's boats entered the Bay of Kertch, with the vehicle on board, sounding as they went. By this means it was ascertained that there was a passage for the small steamers to within a short distance of the coast. An officer gifted with such unquestionable strategical talents, should certainly not be suffered to remain long nameless.

One of the chief attractions of the town is a remarkable museum of antiquities, chiefly collected from the tombs and innumerable tumuli, by which, (says the French tourist already quoted), the monotonous horizon of the surrounding steppes is alone broken. Of this museum we shall have occasion to speak in an early Number.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

On Sunday, Prince Ismail Pacha, son of Ibrahim Pacha, and Prince Constantino, of Wallachia, were received by the Emperor, together with the Turkish Chargé d'Affaires.

The entire city of Paris was in an uproar on Monday. Soldiers, horse and foot, were tramping about the streets, galloping in hot haste in their gaily uniforms, scrambling their way to the Champ de Mars, where they were reviewed by the Emperor and the young King of Portugal, in the presence of a larger number of spectators than were ever brought together upon similar occasions; 32,000 men were under arms in the spacious Champ de Mars. On the right was placed the cavalry, on the left the infantry, and at the bottom of the spacious arena, the artillery.

The Empress started, with her ladies of honour and the Princess Mathilde, in two open barouches, with outriders and an escort of Cent Gardes, shortly after one o'clock, and drove through the serried masses of soldiers slowly up to the Ecole Militaire, where she took her place in the balcony, tapestried with crimson velvet for her reception. From there she saw her Imperial husband ride on to the ground on his chestnut charger, which he bestrode with his wonted excellent horsemanship. By his side, on a grey charger of Spanish breed, rode the young King of Portugal; immediately behind them was the Duke of Oporto, surrounded by a brilliant staff, attired in every variety of sumptuous uniform, amongst which the British officers were conspicuous, the colour reminding one, amidst this gorgeous display, of that "thin red line" which made itself so famous in the Crimea. The troops crossed the Seine on flying bridges, thrown over the river by the pontonniers and engineers, in the presence of the Emperor. The charges of the fifty-five squadrons of cavalry were most imposing to the sight, and produced an intense effect on the numerous English visitors. The troops had been forbidden to make any manifestation during the review, but their Majesties were well received by the people.

The Universal Exhibition still presents an unsatisfactory aspect to visitors; and the belief gains ground daily, that the company will shortly be turned out of the building.

SPAIN.

Last week the Carlist insurrection attained dimensions which rendered it most formidable to the Government. In the Cortes, on the 25th, General Espartero, while speaking of the standard of insurrection, said:—"It will disappear, gentlemen, because I have still strength enough left, in case of need, to mount my horse, raise the standard of liberty, and proceed from victory to victory, until all its enemies shall have been destroyed." The Government, in their alarm, introduced to the Cortes the draft of a measure for a forced loan, and demanded dictatorial powers. The Queen told her Ministers, that if the troops composing her guard at Aranjuez were required to go in pursuit of the rebels, she would return to Madrid. The Duke de Montpensier, having abandoned his idea of visiting Italy, offered his services to the Government, and vowed to devote his life to the defence of the Queen, the dynasty, and liberal institutions.

The clergy are at the bottom of the movement, and the three brothers of the wealthy Carlist family of Marco at its head. Large quantities of arms are reported to be secreted in the capital by the conspirators. Tranquillity, however, prevails in Navarre and the Basque provinces; and a despatch from General Gurien, dated the 31st, announces the complete destruction of the Carlist force in Lower Aragon. Later despatches announce that General de Bedoya, after a combat of two hours, had put to flight the faction of Marco de Jello, taken eighteen prisoners, and captured some horses and a quantity of arms and ammunition; also, that General Thomas subsequently made twelve of the same band prisoners. The insurrection, however, is spreading. Catalonia is declared in a state of siege.

PRUSSIA.

The King is expected to return to Sans Souci by the 19th instant. His Majesty is stated to be in a bad state of health. A few days since he had a return of ague, which had previously attacked him rather severely. He is said to have been long in a weak condition, and he has become extremely stout, and anything but firm or healthy in flesh.

AUSTRIA.

On the 31st of May, the negative answer of the Western Powers to the last Austrian proposal was received at Vienna. Next day, Count Buol, Baron de Bourqueney, and Lord Westmoreland had a meeting; and on Monday the final conference took place, at the request of Count Buol, when the Austrian proposal was submitted to the Russian representatives. They asked time to communicate with St. Petersburg. M. de Bourqueney and Lord Westmoreland declared they had no instructions even to discuss the proposition, whereas Count Buol declared that Austria had failed in her attempt to find a basis for negotiations, and the Conference, after a formal declaration by the several Ministers of the position of their respective Governments, broke up.

HANOVER.

The demand of Count Reutot, the French envoy, for permission to march a body of Imperial troops through the Hanoverian territory to Lubeck, on their way to the Baltic, has caused much sensation. The army of the north, destined for service in the Baltic, musters about 80,000 men, one-half of whom are ordered to hold themselves in readiness to move. The Hanoverian Government has not yet returned a decided answer to the Count's request. There is little doubt it will be favourable. A similar request has been made by the Marquis de Montier to the Prussian Government at Berlin; and steps have been taken by France to obtain the consent of the Senate of Lubeck for the embarkation of French troops at Travemunde.

ROME.

The Pope returned from the country on the evening of the 23rd of May. The road between Castel Gandolfo and Rome was strongly guarded by gendarmes and patrols of horse-police, who were successful in ensuring the safety of his Holiness.

NAPLES.

The priests and his Sicilian Majesty have attempted to make political capital out of the eruption of Vesuvius. The Cardinal has visited both branches of lava, and preached, and blessed, and exorcised; and the King, in pious rivalry, has followed the bones of St. Rocco, and kissed the blood of St. Gennaro!

SARDINIA.

The Convents Suppression Bill has received the Royal assent, and become the law of the land. The provisions of the Act will be immediately put in force to suppress a number of convents.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Ali Pacha, the Grand Vizier, is expected from Vienna in a few days; and despatches have been received, announcing his preparation for departure. It is surmised that Reschid Pacha, who is living in retirement at his splendid palace, and Mehmet Ali Pacha, who since his return from exile has remained in strict seclusion, will, ere long, be restored to power, and included in some new ministerial combination. Mehmet Bey, the newly-appointed Ambassador at the Court of the Tuilleries, has received instructions to hasten his departure for his post—having been detained at Constantinople, awaiting the arrival of the Emperor of the French.

TUNIS.

A telegraphic despatch from Cagliari announces the death of the Bey of Tunis, on the night of the 1st instant. His cousin, Sidi Mohamed Bey, who ascended the throne without obstacle. He is forty-four years of age, and is regarded with great respect, both by the native and European populations.

CUBA.

The advices from the Havana by the best steamer inform us, that the blockade of the ports would be raised on the return of General Coneja from Matanzas. Preparations of defence were being made. A regiment of negro cavalry was about to be organised, and suspected persons were being banished or imprisoned. Rodriguez, who betrayed Pinto, had sailed for Spain. The Señora Rita Balboa, and others, had been summoned to appear and stand their trial for infidencia to the Queen.

BALACLAVA HARBOUR AND NEW WATER POLICE.

ARRIVAL OF OUR ARTIST IN THE CRIMEA.

H.M.S. "John Bull," Balacava, May 14, 1855.

I arrived in the Crimea on Friday last, at one o'clock, p.m. On leaving Marseilles, which I reached, as I think I told you, late at night—too late to see to any of the arrangements of the morrow for starting—I was tempted to take a passage direct from that port to Kamesch. I was very hurried at the time, as I wished to secure a good berth, a matter which I think most indispensable on a long journey; and from this anxiety I relieved myself by at once entering into possession—this it was that made me adopt the Kamesch route. I left Constantinople on Thursday; we were delayed some time in the harbour by our steamer, the *Lycurge*, running against a French man-of-war, lying at anchor, which smashed in our steamer's paddle-box, and broke her life boats, on that side, all to atoms. Bearing in mind the mishaps I had already encountered, I thought I was doomed to meet with accidents; but fortunately after this little brush, all went smoothly—I am happy to say even the dreaded Black Sea.

On arriving at Kamesch, I engaged a small boat, manned by a brigand, who grumbled because I would not give him more than half-a-crown for running me ashore; after which I was torn to pieces by dirty Turks, and more filthy Greeks, who wished to carry my portmanteau. However, I made a bargain with my boatman, had as he was, to take it to some kind of resting place. On my expressing this wish he shook his head, and seemed to say—he spoke some mongrel language which I could not understand—that it was utterly hopeless even to think of such a thing. This was only what I expected, so I told him to go where he pleased, and he hurried on, and I after him, through the most horrible kind of sticky mud, that can well be imagined, which threatened to pull my boots off at every step I took.

I trudged along, asking every one if they could accommodate me with even sitting room, but encountered an universal "No!" At the mention of a bed or place to stretch one's limbs in for the night, blank surprise was depicted on every countenance. At length, just at the height of my despair, when I could not help laughing at myself, I was so wretched—I thought I saw two English fiers coming towards me, which proved to be the case, as I found their caps were decorated by a crown, and that they were in the British navy. They were the Captain of a vessel, the —, and his doctor. I told them my tale of woe, and they tried all they could, but unsuccessfully, to obtain the desired shelter. The captain spoke French, and at last succeeded in finding an "hotel," where, as I was very hungry, I had some cold roast beef, some bread and cheese and wine, and for which they brought me a bill for fifteen francs. Yes, they brought a bill, although the banquet was partaken of on a rough backwood kind of a table in a hut, with the floor of mud. The Captain then proposed that I should sleep on board his ship, an invitation which, as may be imagined, I willingly accepted; so I hired a porter, and we walked across the country for about a mile and a half to — Bay, where the English vessels lie, which cannot get in here in consequence of the smallness of the harbour. I went aboard, so that my first night in the Crimea was spent atween decks of H.M.S. —.

Next morning I went ashore with Captain —, and left my baggage at the hut belonging to the carpenter of the *Agamemnon*, and, after a noggin of whiskey, we started to walk to Balacava together; but my kind host, the Captain, who had expressed such knowledge of the route there, led me a dreadful roundabout walk through numberless carcasses of dead and dying horses, which stunk abominably, until he had got me in as out-of-the-way sort of place as possible, when he expressed a notion, in which I hardly coincided, that he had put me in the right road, and as he was dreadfully tired, would say "Good bye," and turn back; which he did, after handing me over to two French soldiers. They again took me another long walk, and left me in just such another fix as the Captain had done; but by aid of my compass—I don't know what I should have done without it, for there was a dense fog, so thick that I could not see a yard before me—I arrived amongst our own people, and eventually found myself ascending a height which overlooked Balacava. Here I met with some young officers who invited me to luncheon, of which, I assure you, I was much in need.

I then walked down to Balacava, but nobody I am sure can have any conception of the mud one had to walk through, for there had been three days' heavy rain; luckily I had on a pair of boots—which a possibly well disposed individual in England had told me were superfluous—that came up above my knees, so that I escaped tolerably free, but it was a miracle that I did not go on my back more than once—which once I pleaded guilty to. On arriving in the town, the first thing I thought necessary, as the night was coming on rapidly, was to cast about me for a friend, so I went to the post-office to ask the address of Mr. —; they did not know it there, but thought that Mr. —, of the "Morning Herald," who lived next hut, might; so I went there, and saw Mr. —, who was very kind; we had some grog together, and he told me that — was at present up at the camp, but that he would give me an introduction to a captain of a steamboat—the *Columbia* lying in harbour who could very likely give me a berth; he, Mr. —, was suffering much from fever and ague, though this was one of his best days. Both fever and ague, he said, were very prevalent there.

It is very amusing to see the horrible hovels which are dignified by the titles of post-office, police station, main-guard, &c., and the mud huts and trees on the heights which are blessed with the cognomen of Raglan Villa, Canrobert Lodge, and so on. I went off to the *Columbia*, but the Captain said that as the Admiral was on board, accompanied by his staff, he should not be able to give me a berth; and truly when I heard that it was the veritable Boxer, I was not sorry for it; but he had with him in his cabin, partaking of the convivial weed, the Captain of the *John Bull*, a ship lying along-side, who said he would be able to do so, so I accompanied him on board—where I have been ever since—had tea, and went to bed. The next day, Sunday, I took a stroll along the quay in search of the pier, or landing place, concerning which we heard so much before the Sebastopol Committee, and which you wished me to sketch; I could not, however, meet with any particular spot to which the appellation could be properly applied, as the ships appeared to unload anywhere, so I ascended the heights and made the sketch herewith sent, which gives a general view of the harbour, and one which I do not think has been previously published. I then returned to the ship and had tea, and shortly afterwards received an invitation from the Captain of the *Columbia* to pay him a visit and take a cigar with him. While thus occupied, Admiral Boxer came on board from his gig, in which he had been rowing about the harbour, seeing that all things were right. He had evidently performed some grand manoeuvre, as he was in high spirits. His ruddy face glowed with delight. He gave me a long history of his early life, showing his intense abhorrence of the vice of idleness,—from all of which symptoms I imagined that he was in tolerable spirits. I shall try and send his portrait by the next parcel; I have never seen it in London, and I think the features of a man so much talked of as he has been, deserve to be sketched. This morning, to please him, I took a sketch of the new "Balacava Water-polyce"—who have only appeared in their new dress a few days, so I thought the sketch would be interesting and something new.

I think, in my last, I told you that on calling at Sentari to see M. Soyer and Miss Nightingale, I was informed that they had left only the night before for the Crimea. This morning I went on board the ship *London*, where they have been staying, and the captain told me that Miss Nightingale had only that very morning been taken on a stretcher to the hospital, outside the town, very ill. She had been ill two or three days while with him, and she had received a shock by a fall from her horse since her arrival here; but this was not the cause of her present illness, which I think he said was fever. As to M. Soyer, he was out, superintending a new kitchen; and on my asking what time he was expected back, he said, with a sly look, that it was very doubtful, and that he thought it was not always business that kept him ashore so late.

The firing still continues. At the present moment I hear the booming of guns, and so it has been ever since I have been here, though there is more of it at night than during the day. A sortie takes place nearly every night. There was a very important one on Thursday night last, in which, as an officer who has just returned from the trenches tells me, we lost 15 men and 1 officer. He did not know the number of Russians killed; but one Russian officer, of some rank it was thought, from the fact of his

being accompanied by a trumpeter, was pinned to the stock of a gun by a bayonet, and there left, the soldier coolly taking his musket with him. The trumpeter was a very brave fellow, as, just when he was in the midst of our men, he put his trumpet to his mouth and commenced sounding the advance; but, of course, his tune was brought to a sudden stop and himself shot dead.

I enlaid to-day on Mr. Russell, of the "Times," to inquire of him Mr. —'s address, which he gave me more definitely than Mr. Woods was able to do, and I think in a day or two I shall go up to the front. Mr. Russell left this evening for the trenches, where he has been quartered, and has given me an invitation to come and see him. There was some other celebrity in the corresponding way with him that he introduced me to, but I forget the name now. From all I hear, it seems that a horse is most indispensable; you can't go anywhere without one; you can't walk the streets; and you certainly can't walk the camp, at least what I have seen of it; and as to following the troops, and getting news or authentic sketches, without a horse, this is quite impossible; one must be obtained, and a servant must be had to take care of one's tent or wooden hut.

KERTCH THE ONLY WAY TO SEBASTOPOL.

WE received the following highly interesting letter the day before the news of the success of the expedition to Kertch arrived in this country. It was addressed to us by an officer who was then under orders to accompany the Allied flotilla, and from whom we hope soon to receive several valuable communications.

H.M.S. —, off Sebastopol, 15th May 1855.

Having heard from your artist, Mr. Julian Portch, of your contemplated Illustrated Newspaper, I beg to transmit to you, for the information of your readers, the following particulars of a conversation I had yesterday with an Englishman respecting that renowned fortress, which seems to bid defiance to the united arms of England and France, and within which he has resided for the last thirty-seven years, having entered the service of the late Czar in 1818, as caulker-master to the Admiralty at Sebastopol.

A few days after the commencement of the bombardment by the Allied armies in the month of October, he was arrested by the Russian authorities, and kept a close prisoner for ten hours, when he was informed that he must leave Sebastopol. On his asking where he was to go to, he was told that he might go wherever he pleased, but that he must instantly quit the place. Having a small house and some land outside Sebastopol on the south side, he thought the best thing he could do would be to go there. A part of the English army was encamped on the spot, but Lord Raglan told him that private property should be respected, and that he should be secure from molestation. In a few days afterwards, the English fell back from this position, and the French occupied it in their stead. A party of French soldiers, headed by an officer, entered his house, and ordered him to quit. He saw it was in vain to resist, and begged to be allowed to go into another room for his coat—being then in his shirt sleeves—and to take with him some papers relating to his property in Sebastopol, which were of great value to him. The French officer replied by presenting a pistol to his head, and pointing to the door. He said to the French officer, "I am an Englishman, and demand the protection of the allies of my nation." The French officer spat in his face. I sincerely hope, for the honour of our gallant allies, that this was an accident, for I feel confident, that though this old Englishman might easily have been mistaken for a Russian, nevertheless the officer belonged to a nation which would never seek to insult a defenceless foe. I should mention that the English which this old man speaks, after a thirty-seven years' residence in Russia, is only of a broken kind, whereas he speaks Russian like a native of Sebastopol.

He stated to me his opinion that the Allies could never take Sebastopol by bombarding it, least of all by bombarding it on the south side, for the fortifications are bomb proof, and the stores of ammunition and guns inexhaustible. He said more—that the Russians had upwards of three years' provisions, consisting of beef, pork, flour, oil, &c., for an army of forty thousand men in Sebastopol when the siege commenced; and from having the north side open all this while, their munitions of war, as well as provisions, have been increased rather than diminished.

Had we taken Kertch, he said, instead of trying to take Sebastopol, we might by this time have been masters of the renowned fortress. "By seizing upon Kertch," he continued, "you at once possess yourselves of the only channel by which the Russians in Sebastopol receive their supplies of men and arms; and while they retain Kertch, they may hold out during any siege, however protracted. By attacking Sebastopol you are enabling the Russians to make use of hundreds of guns against you, which would otherwise have been useless to them. Had you taken Kertch last year, the Russians must long since have attacked you in the field, where you would have been on equal terms, and ere this you might have marched into Sebastopol, as you might have done after the battle of the Alma, had you tried the north side, instead of marching your army round to the south. Unless you take Kertch now, you will never take Sebastopol—except by storming it—and then you must storm it on both sides simultaneously. If you leave the north side open for the Russians to escape, every soldier of the allied troops that enters the trenches on the south will be blown into the air from the mines which are ready for the match to be applied to them."

He further stated that the late Emperor had for several years been preparing for the defence of Sebastopol and the Crimea, and that war with the French was talked of in the city as a thing already in existence, or at least at no great distance; but war with England was never dreamt of by the Russians. If England should not be their ally in the anticipated struggle, it was only because her people were against war, and she had no troops to go to war with; besides, she had promised to remain neutral. Such were the opinions circulated in every café in Sebastopol, and, indeed, all over Russia.

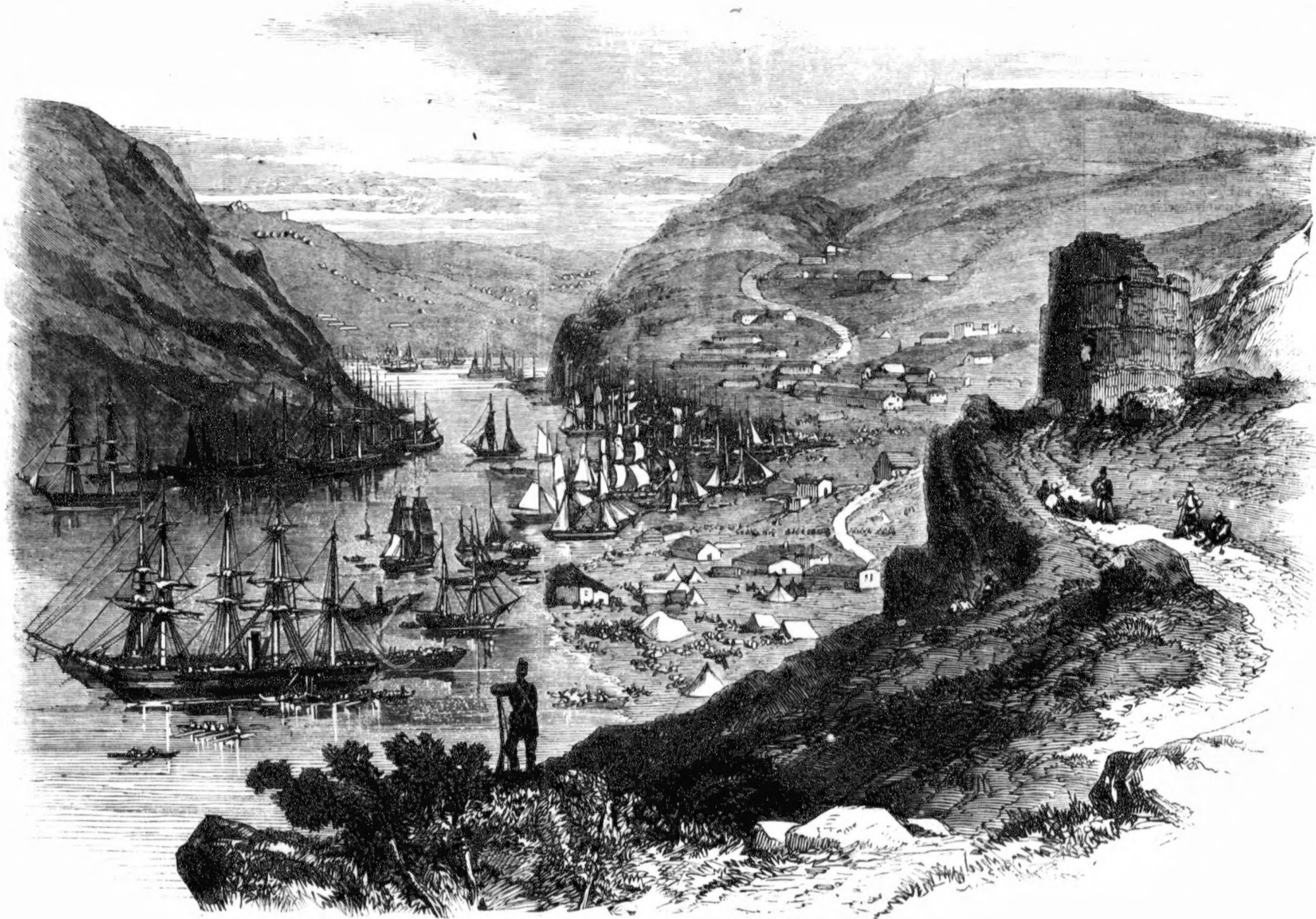
It was his opinion that the present Emperor cannot make peace upon the terms that Sebastopol is to be destroyed, even if he were willing. The pay of a captain in the Russian army is about 35*l.* per annum, and that of other officers in proportion. The pay of a private soldier in time of peace is about 12*s.* per annum; in time of war it is nothing, at least until the war is over; but both officers and soldiers, he said, would cheerfully give the last farthing they possessed, as well as the last drop of their blood, to save Sebastopol. Were the Emperor to consent to its destruction, his throne and his life would be at the mercy of the populace.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE AT CHURCH.—On Sunday last much excitement was caused by some extraordinary proceedings at Watford Church. The Rev. R. L. James, vicar of the parish, has, for some time past, manifested an inclination to effect changes in the service; and on Sunday they were introduced by a letter, in which it was notified, that, after Morning Prayer and the Litany, the bell would be rung five minutes for communion service. As soon as the bell began to ring, the Hon. Mrs. Villiers rose from her seat in a pew near the pulpit, and left the church. Her example was followed by the whole congregation. The matter will doubtless form the subject for an ecclesiastical inquiry.

PIANORI.—A letter from Rome states, that further inquiries made by the Papal police about the man who attempted the life of the Emperor of the French, show that his real name is Sinesio, and not Pianori; and that after being condemned to twelve months imprisonment for a murder at Brighella, he succeeded in making his escape from the prison at Cervia.

THE PRESS AT GIBRALTAR.—According to a new ordinance, no printer is allowed to issue any publication not previously examined and licensed by the Governor's secretary, under penalty of 100 dollars, to be levied by distress and sale of his goods and chattels, if not instantly paid.

EPISCOPACY AT LABUAN.—The Rev. Francis Macdougall has recently been appointed Bishop of Labuan. The bishopric is described as consisting of a narrow island, seven miles long, and almost covered with jungle, together with eight rocky islets, barren and uncultivated. Of the 1,500 inhabitants, only a score or thereabouts may be Christians of various persuasions; and there is neither a church nor a clergyman in the diocese.



THE HARBOUR OF BALACLAVA.—(FROM A SKETCH BY JULIAN PORTCH.)



THE NEW WATER POLICE AT BALACLAVA.—(FROM A SKETCH BY JULIAN PORTCH.)

SERGEANT DAWSON.

AMONG the five hundred recipients of the Crimean medal—distributed in St. James's Park by her most gracious Majesty, on the 22d. ult.—no single one was more entitled to the additional boon of a sweet smile or even a respectful bow from the royal donor than Sergeant Thomas Dawson. No doubt but that he obtained both. At any rate, he is one of those dilapidated heroes upon whose battered shoulders, the main glory of our arms must rest, and whose personal achievements certainly deserve commemoration.

Sergeant Thomas Dawson is one of the brave Grenadier Guards who served under his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and General Bentinck. Every reader of the newspapers will remember the accounts which appeared in print of that memorable morning, the 5th of November, 1854; but it is only those who actually took part in the engagements of that day—who had to scramble through the brushwood on the sides of the slopes overlooking Inkermann—over a slimy soil saturated by a Crimean rain of twenty-four hours—with a sky invisible through the density of the fog (the limit of the view being a few yards before them)—and the ominous sounds of the infuriated Russians becoming more and more distinct,—it is only those who were in the midst of all this, and who have been fortunate enough to escape with their lives, who can throw light on a scene so dismal, or life into a picture representing the region of the shadow of death. Dawson was in the midst of it all. He and his comrades rushed with the greatest rapidity and ardour to the front, on the right of the Second Division, and gained the summit of the hills towards which two columns of the Russians were struggling in the closest order the uneven character of the ground would admit of. He speaks of the events of the day with pride. He says he would not have missed the engagement for anything. On the brow of the hill his comrades were falling around him, taking their places side by side with their enemies. He had scarcely congratulated himself on his "better fate," when a musket-ball struck his arm, and, to use his own words, "shattered it to pieces." He and his brother sergeants give a very lively description of some of their cogitations, as they saw one another fall by their side. "What do you think of this, Bill?" "Oh, I don't know. I have been d—d fortunate hitherto." Bill had scarcely given his reply, when a bullet grazed his crown and laid him on his back, "—'t is that it, then?" One poor fellow, who was severely wounded about the same time as Dawson, said, "I didn't care so much for my peppering, but for having to leave the field before the end. It was like beginning a novel and leaving off in the middle." On receiving his wound, Dawson was placed on one of those jolting machines called ambulance-wagons, and

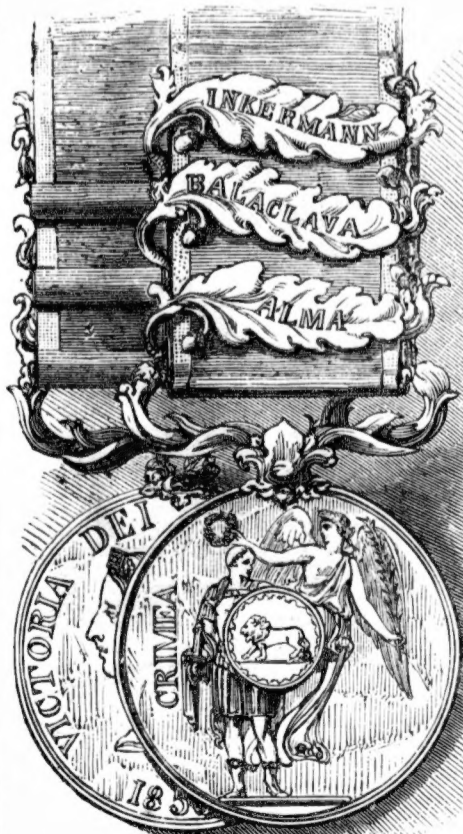


A CONVALESCENT FROM INKERMANN.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.)

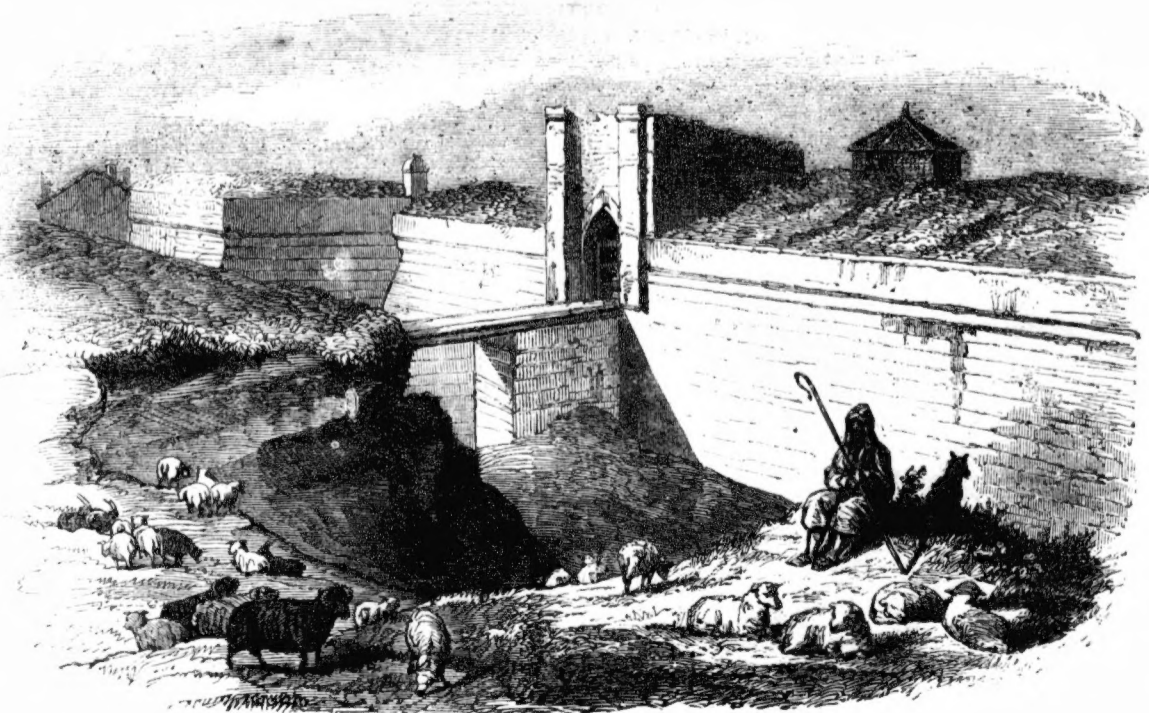
conveyed to Balaclava. On his way he was obliged to seize a firm grasp of one side of the wagon, in order that his wounded shoulder might not strike against the other side. His left arm was amputated on the evening of the day he received the wound. On the following morning he embarked at Balaclava for Scutari, where he was placed under the kind treatment of Dr. Holton, of the Queen's regiment of Foot. Of Miss Nightingale and her coadjutors, he says he cannot speak too highly. "Women, sir," he said, with evident feeling, "are so gentle in their movements. Their hands are light, and they can dress wounds so well. Men's hands, more especially soldiers', were never made to dress wounds. I know from experience how the ladies can care for a sick and wounded soldier. It helps to make one well to think of their care, and to witness their attentions to the wounded and dying. They have saved many lives, for a soldier is too brave a man to think of dying in the presence of these gentle creatures. If we had been able to remove from the battle-field thousands who were wounded, though not mortally, the nurses would have very soon brought them round. As it was, they were unable to escape, and the Russians afterwards bayoneted them."

Dawson enlisted in 1839; consequently he has served in the army upwards of fifteen years. He was with the army in the East eight months; has been a corporal about a year, and a sergeant nearly two years. He was present at the battles of the Alma, Balaclava, and Inkermann; and in the trenches before Sebastopol. He received his discharge on the 23rd ult., retiring with the highest testimonials, with a pension of two shillings a day, and with feelings of pride that he had served his country under the noble and excellent Duke of Cambridge.

Our illustration of Sergeant Dawson, the Convalescent from Inkermann, is from a photograph expressly taken for our paper, by Mr. Mayall. The scene represented is faithful from beginning to end. The subject forms a picture deeply interesting to us as Englishmen, and it has the merit of truth in every detail. It is not always that pictorial effect and simple truth can be so happily blended. In this case the picture tells its own story; and when our journal reaches the Crimea, its fidelity will be acknowledged, as readily as the man himself will be recognized. While the subject was yet in the engraver's hands, a copy of the photograph came by accident under the Queen's notice. It was exhibited at the Polytechnic Institution, on the occasion of her Majesty's recent visit to that establishment, when the national character and evident fidelity of the picture, at once attracted her attention, and at her wish (expressed through Colonel Phipps), a copy of the photograph was printed by Mr. Mayall for the Royal portfolio.



THE CRIMEAN MEDAL.



THE FORTRESS OF ARABAT.

Foremost among the masters of the photographic process, who have gained reputation by its practice, and who are constrained to apply more than ordinary labour to enable them to retain their foremost position, is Mr. Mayall, the well-known artist, of Argyll Place, Regent Street. As a successful photographer, he is known in all quarters of the kingdom. It is not, however, so well understood, that Mr. Mayall can lay claim to many of the inventions and modes of working, which have increased the value and certainty of the process. He has not only studied and improved the different branches of the art, but he has freely published the result of his inquiries. This marks the sincerity of the student, at the same time that it increases and multiplies the reputation of the artist.

In the present advanced state of photography, we should be dissatisfied with mere operative ability. It is not simply a clear sharp picture that is wanted. In portraiture our desires are not confined to vivid or speaking likenesses. We look for something more. We want the spirit of the artist, and if he is an adept at his vocation, he can infuse it into his picture. Mere formal exactitude (comparatively speaking) is of no value. We look for that one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. If we find it, we are convinced that the highest resources of the process have been developed. Photography will never take the place of art, neither is it likely to become a purely mechanical operation. It is a kind of connecting link between the two. Success will no doubt in a great measure depend upon dexterity and contrivance—but thorough and complete excellence is not likely to be attained, without an infusion of that spirit and poetic treatment, which not only belongs to art, but is the very life and soul of it. In blending artistic and operative excellence, Mr. Mayall has arrived nearer to perfection than any photographer with whom we are acquainted. Many of his pictures show an artistic arrangement that falls very agreeably upon the eye. Individuality and character seem to be caught as faithfully as the features, while the operative part of the business exhibits every trace of care and chemical manipulation.

ARABAT.

"A fortress, still defended by good outworks and a ditch, though its interior is in ruins, and a village composed of ten houses facing one another, in the form of a street occupying a space of ground which, in central Europe, would suffice for a town containing twelve thousand souls—such is Arabat."

The above pithy description of what is by no means the least important of our recently acquired possessions in the Sea of Azof, is from Mr. Demidoff's "Travels in Southern Russia and the Crimea." Arabat is situated at the southern extremity of that narrow strip of land which may be observed in the map, running almost due north from the northern extremity of the Peninsula of Kertch, to within a scarcely perceptible distance of Genitchi on the mainland. This strip of land, which separates the Sea of Azof from the Sivach, or Putrid Sea, is known as the Tongue of Arabat, and is the line of a military road, hitherto forming one of the principal routes of communication from Russia to Sebastopol. The occupation of its southern extremity is, therefore, of the highest importance to the allied forces.

The tongue or promontory of Arabat is about 70 miles in length, and is only separated from the mainland, at Genitchi, by a channel of 60 fathoms wide—designated by the name of a Strait—which is, however, of considerable depth, and serves to carry off the waters of the Putrid Sea into the Sea of Azof. Of the Putrid Sea itself, little is known; it has generally been represented as a shallow stagnant lake—constantly emitting a poisonous stench—and leaving a considerable deposit of salt on its shores. Its natural phenomena would, no doubt, be found analogous to those of the Syrian Dead Sea. What its soundings may be, there are, as yet, no means of ascertaining. The probability is that it would be found inaccessible to war steamers; but there is no reason to doubt that ship's boats, either introduced by the Strait of Genitchi, or transported across the tongue of Arabat (which, in places, is little more than a hundred yards wide) would be able to perform services, in those waters, of most essential importance to the campaign.

The Sivach is crossed at its narrowest part, about 20 or 25 miles from Genitchi, by a wooden bridge, built by the Russians about ten years ago, forming part of a military road which connects the Crimea with the mainland. This road, leading from the isthmus of Perekop to the tongue of Arabat, being of ready access from the mouths of the Bug and the Dnieper, the great arteries of Russian supplies, is the most important line of communication with the Crimean strongholds; and nothing could be more fatal to the Russians than the destruction of the wooden bridge by which the line is completed. If the inland waters should prove of sufficient depth for the floating of ship's boats, this will doubtless be speedily attempted and achieved.

The fortress of Arabat, as shown in our engraving, is of Genoese construction. The latest accounts speak of it as being still in excellent preservation, better even than M. Demidoff's account, written eight years ago, would lead us to expect; certainly, stout enough to serve as a means of obstinate defence to its new occupants, in the event of an emergency not very likely to happen.

The War.

SUCCESS OF THE OPERATIONS AGAINST TAGANROG, MARIONOPOL, AND GEISK.

IMMENSE LOSS OF SUPPLIES TO THE RUSSIANS.

Sunday, June 10, 1855.

THE Secretary to the Admiralty has great pleasure in forwarding the following intelligence, which has just been received:—

June 7, 1855.

Captain Lyons, of the *Miranda*, and Captain Sedarges, report that the naval operations against Taganrog, Marionopol, and Geisk, which took place on the 3d, 5th, and 6th of June, have perfectly succeeded, and that the public buildings, with numerous Government magazines of provisions, have been burnt, and an immense loss of supplies has been inflicted on the enemy.

The operations were conducted and executed with great vigour and rapidity. The Allied Forces had only one man wounded, although opposed by about 3,500 soldiers at Taganrog.

THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

Sebastopol, June 7, 1855.

The formidable fire which began yesterday was kept up to-day with the greatest spirit, and, soon after six this morning, the French attacked and carried the White Work and the Mamelon.

The whole operation was most brilliant. Great gallantry was displayed on all sides. Casualties not yet known.

JOURNAL OF THE SIEGE.

CARCASS OF WATER.

The scarcity of water becomes more formidable every day. I understand that the sanitary commissioners have enunciated an opinion, formed on scientific geological grounds, that there is no reason to apprehend any want of water; but it is nevertheless true that the watering of the cavalry horses, as I am informed, is now accomplished with difficulty, and that two days ago the watering was not finished till evening, so scanty was the supply.



SPRINGING OF MINES.

The operations which have been described as the springing of mines, have chiefly been the explosion of globes of compression, and their effect in front of Bastion No. 4 (Flagstaff Advanced Battery) has been to bring the French too near to the enemy, for they have been annoyed by grenades in the lodgements without being able to advance materially from their position. All our own batteries are in admirable order, and the effect of our fire from the second parallel and from the advanced batteries will be tremendous, though our losses from the enemy's fire at the shortened distance must be proportionably greater than it has been.

CARCASSES.

Hitherto we have made little use of carcasses, a kind of shell perforated with three holes, out of which the internal composition burns fiercely, firing whatever it comes in contact with, and giving forth intense light. The Russians, on the contrary, have used both carcasses and fire-balls freely, and have derived considerable advantages from them in their nocturnal attacks, as they have been able to see our position clearly while they were shrouded in darkness. From the number of carcasses recently sent up to the front, it is to be presumed we intend to make use of them at the next bombardment. There was a plan some time ago proposed by an engineer to save us from surprises. It consisted of wires placed at the distance of a few feet from poles fixed in the ground, and so arranged as to set fire to blue lights on being touched. For some reason or other the project has not been carried out. We have been unable to entangle the Russian works to any extent, owing to the ravines and the skill of the Russian engineers.

EARTHWORKS VERSUS MASONRY.

It must be remembered that earthworks, however admirable for the purpose of immediate attack or defence, are unsuited for permanent defence. They are in a constant state of "breaking down," decay and decadence are their inseparable conditions, and if we were to retire from Sebastopol to-morrow, and if the Russians were to leave their works unrepared, a winter's snow and rain, and the action of the weather in a few months, would soon destroy the works which now represent the aggressive force of four nations, and the defensive power of one. It is probable, therefore, notwithstanding the eulogies bestowed upon earthen works, that if the Allies were to break up their camp to-morrow, and leave the Russians to themselves, they would find on returning in a few years, that the lines of the present works would be represented by solid stone, and that the Redan and Mamelon would be crowned with redoubts of masonry. It is in consequence of the rapidly decaying property of earthworks that our labours have been so great—they are like a London house, there is always something or other to be done, losses made good, repairs effected—they cannot be let alone for twenty-four hours. The action of shot and shell upon them of course accelerates the destructive influences of the weather and of time—gabions are knocked to pieces in a moment, instead of the willow and twig ribs becoming rotten in sun and rain, and parapets fall down and ditches are filled up by the iron shower more rapidly, but not more surely, than by the rains of heaven.

VALUABLE INFORMATION.

It is said that one of the privates of the 48th regiment has given some very valuable information respecting the terrain of Sebastopol, and has corrected a serious misconception under which our engineers were labouring respecting the course of a creek in front of the left attack. The man had been for some years in Russia, and as a stonemason he laboured at the works of Sebastopol, and knows every street in it. He pointed out the position of the terminus of the water-works, and of the engines working it, and it is now stated that there are no less than 100 guns all hid from view defending these works, and raking the Redan, so that had we assaulted and carried that formidable work, we should have met a fire on which none of our officers calculated.

DUMMY CAMP.

There is a strong conviction that the large camp on the north side of Sebastopol, which has been recently augmented, has very much of a dummy about it, as very few men can be detected in it. On the other hand, it is said that it is a sanitarium we are looking at; if so, there must be many sick and wounded outside Sebastopol. But why should the Russians place their hospital tents in sight of us, and put them in a hollow instead of placing them on the hill above?

RUSSIA'S INTENTIONS RESPECTING INDIA.

It seems tolerably certain that Russia intended to have tried her hand at a diversion in the direction of India, had we not deranged her plans by the invasion of the Crimea. There is a Russian officer now at headquarters who belonged to a regiment that was actually told off for a march to India last year. There were several other regiments destined for the same expedition, but they too found themselves encamped on the Alma on the 19th of September, and on the road to Bakshiserai the following evening. The officers had been provided with books relating to India, and had been studying the "manners and customs" of the Hindoos and Mussulmans of the great Peninsula. It is said, to be sure, that it would be impossible for the Russians to transport an army over the torrid wastes which lie between them and India, but there was a certain Alexander who once moved a very efficient army in the same direction, through regions more sparsely populated and less cultivated; and though modern warfare is waged with more difficulty, and is attended with considerations respecting greater impediments, we might find that if a Russian Alexander the Great ever arose in these times our calculations were valueless, as all calculations are which make nought of the inspirations and miracles of military genius. The officer in question "hath a pleasant wit," and gives abundant proofs, in the pleasant complements he remembers concerning the war, that the Russians are by no means destitute of humour. He sings one song about the proceedings of Prince Menschikoff after the Alma, which is said by those who can appreciate it to be intensely funny. The Prince is represented as having fled to a house in Bakshiserai, out of the windows of which he interrogates the passers by respecting the fate of Sebastopol, and he is at last astonished to hear it has not been taken, and begins to dance with joy, to extol his grand flank march, and to boast of his splendid defence of the place. Another song, from the same mouth, puts the contest in a ludicrous light,

and declares that the whole siege is only a struggle to see whether the Russians or the allies are the best diggers and ditchers. "We build on redoubt, they build another; they make one trench, we make its brother &c." The gentleman is a Pole, and was present at Alma and Inkermann. At the latter battle the company he commanded lost 75 men out of 130. He then served with the external army, but got tired of Tchernougou and blase' with the monotony of life in huts. He collected all his resources, and gave a grand ball to all his friends in the army near Tchernougou—champagne at 30s. a bottle; claret at 20s., and pickles at 10s.—and next day came into our cavalry pickets, with a brother officer, on the day of the races at Karanyi, and has been living here ever since.

THE LOSS OF THE "ANNIE McLEAN."

The *Annie McLean*, a brig chartered by Lord Blantyre, and sent out to Balaklava with an assorted cargo for the use of the army, is reported to have gone down with all hands a few miles outside the harbour, which she had left on her way home, and the loss has excited a good deal of attention from the circumstance of its being known this vessel was sailing without ballast. It is said that the master applied to Admiral Boxer ere he left for a cargo of ballast, or for assistance in getting it; but the Admiral referred him to an article utterly unfit for cargo, even if it could have been procured, and to a place where no ship has ever been known to go, except the feeble bark navigated by Mr. Chronon. The *Annie McLean* sailed "light," and flew along merrily, until a puff of wind off the land heeled her over, and down she went, "capsized in the Black Sea."

A NIGHT CANNONADE.

About 9 p.m., May 23, when the soldiers had all gone to bed, the camp was disturbed by the heaviest cannonade which has been heard since the last bombardment. Catheart's Hill was soon reached by many very anxious spectators, and there it was seen that the firing was from the extreme left of the French batteries, and was returned by the Flagstaff, the Garden, and the battery in the middle of the town. It was an extraordinary sight. Looking from Catheart's Hill over the camp, you saw a wide expanse of country, dotted with white tents, which shone out clearly and conspicuously in the bright moonlight. All looked quiet and calm. The only sounds that were heard on this side were the challenge of a sentry or the neigh of a horse. But turning round and gazing at Sebastopol, you saw a great contrast. There was visible war in all its stern reality. A thick white cloud of smoke hung over the French batteries and that part of the town which was answering their fire. Bright flashes of fire gleamed through this smoke every second, as guns were fired or shells exploded. There was no cessation in the firing for an hour, when there was a slight lull, and immediately volleys of musketry were heard, which continued without intermission for some time. About 10.15 there was an explosion in the Russian batteries. It seemed as if there had been a train of powder laid on the ground, as there was suddenly a bright long sheet of flame seen lighting up the wall of smoke. There was no loud report, so that it could not have been anything serious. About 10.30 there was another similar explosion.

COMBUSTIBLE BOUQUETS.

The number of shells that were fired from both sides was enormous. There were generally five or six in the air at one time, and once as many as nine. The French fired a great many "bouquets"—not the bouquets that are popular among young ladies, but a lump of shells that separate in the air, and fly about in all directions.

At 11.30, the firing continued as fierce as ever; the surmises about the causes of this are numerous. Some say that the French began the firing, and intended to storm the town under cover of it; others that the Russians were making a sortie, and were repulsed by the French.

THE FRENCH CROSS THE TCHERNAYA.

On the morning of the 25th ult. the French moved across the Tchernaya in great force; some say 20,000, and some 35,000; and have established camps at Tchernougou, Kamara, and about all the intervening country. It is said that they marched as far as the Black River, but found the Russians had fortified the opposite bank so strongly that they did not risk an attempt to cross, and so retired. They took twenty or thirty Cossacks prisoners, and in so doing lost about four or five men. At any rate they have established themselves at the places above mentioned, and this is supposed to be only the commencement of an extended movement. The French troops which were most cut up on the night of the 23d were some of the Imperial Guard.

THE TURKISH ARMY.

EMBARKATION OF TROOPS AT EUPATORIA.

The first lot of the Turkish troops was to have been embarked on the 18th of May, in the steamers which had brought over the Egyptians from Kamiesch, but the embarkation was postponed until the following day.

Instead of the embarkation, Omar Pacha held a review of cavalry and infantry, and distributed some thousands of silver medals to all those who had been at Silistria; but on this occasion only the infantry received theirs, as those for the cavalry had not yet arrived. It is to be hoped the poor Bashis have not been forgotten, as it was chiefly, if not entirely, due to them that the communication between Silistria and Shumla was for the greater part of the time open, and that the Russians never could thoroughly invest the place.

Early on the morning of the 19th the embarkation commenced. Those who were to go in English vessels went towards the piers near the Quarantine building, while the French embarked their share from the great pier in the middle of the town. If the numerous embarkings and disembarkings have no other advantage they certainly are excellent practice, and the thing goes on now with an astonishing rapidity. In the afternoon several thousand troops and a large number of pack-horses, baggage, and provisions were on board, and the English men-of-war were all under way. As there were no Egyptians to embark, the whole was done without any noise. The regiments were marched down, piled arms, and squatted down with perfect indifference to what was going on, waiting till their turn came. This passive spirit is one of the best qualities, and, at the same time, one of the greatest defects, in the Turkish soldier. It gives to a man who has won

their confidence an unlimited power over them, while it drives to despair those who do not understand their character. It then takes the nature of a *desertion*, the result of which most European officers who have to do with them are witness.

DEPARTURE OF THE RUSSIAN INHABITANTS.

At the same time, while the troops were embarking, the Russian inhabitants of Eupatoria were toiling under the weight of their baggage through mud, in order to reach the Quarantine pier, where they were to have been embarked for Odessa. It was an unpleasant sight, as, indeed, most excruciating. They seemed to have kept much more of their property than the wretched inhabitants of the Greek villages about Halaclava, who were taken down to Yalta in December last. The greater part of them had been tolerably well off, and the remaining traces of a comfortable existence only brought out in stronger relief all the unmistakable indications of begonia misery, and made that painful impression which the gentility of St. John Square produces. The faded parrots and spotted head-dresses of the women—the children, who had outgrown their dresses, sitting among a heap of bedding of doubtful cleanliness, and old threadbare carpets—rendered it, perhaps, more impressive than misery would have been without these appendages.

The evils and sufferings of those who fight are only the smallest part of the evils caused by a war in a country: it would scarcely be exaggeration to say, that in most wars as many families are reduced to misery as there are individual soldiers engaged in them. Fortunately for the Russian families, we were not very guilty of this necessary evil in the Crimean campaign.

DEPARTURE OF OMAR PACHA.—EXPECATIONS.

The *Colombo* came in towards morning, and Omar Pacha, accompanied by Colonel Simmons, embarked suddenly for Komisch. This sudden change of dispositions, and the precipitate departure of Omar Pacha, is generally attributed to the change in the French command—the removal of General Camille from the command, and the nomination of General Pelissier in his place.

Expectation has again risen to the highest pitch. Everyone asks what will be next? No doubt plans will not be wanting. The air of the Crimea seems to be changed with them, unfortunately—there are as many of them as there are heads, perhaps more. We have already lost in planning the most propitious time for a spring campaign, when the troops were healthiest, and marches the more easily performed. We are on the eve of the hottest months, and soon we shall have to fight against the heat, as we had in winter to fight against cold and rain.

ANOTHER CASE OF DESERTION.

Yesterday there was a rather bold case of desertion. The 4th regiment of Cavalry of Rumeli was doing duty on the outposts. On the side of the bridge which forms the extreme right of our vidette line the two videttes are placed on a little mound, not more than 100 yards from the bridge. About 50 yards behind them is a post of 15 to 20 men, under a sergeant, and further back the squadron. About noon the corporal of the advanced post went coolly to the sergeant and asked him for a light for his cigarette. The sergeant had none, consequently the corporal requested the sergeant to allow him to mount his horse and go to the videttes to ask one of them for it. The permission was given, the corporal went up to the mound where the videttes were placed, and a moment afterwards all three set out in a gallop and went over the bridge which forms the boundary line between the Russian and Turkish line of outposts. The sergeant seeing this, instantly ordered his men to mount, and dashed down at their head to the bridge, but it was too late; the fugitives had passed. The Russians seeing the pursuers and the pursued coming in a gallop towards the bridge, thought that it was an attack; they mounted their steeds and ran on towards their main guard. But when they saw the three deserters dismount, and the rest stopping at the side of the bridge, they returned and took the deserters away. This is the second case of desertion which has occurred since the Turks have been in the Crimea.

Early this morning Colonel Simmons returned from Komisch on board the *Colombo*, and brought the order from Omar Pacha that the embarkation should be resumed. Only a few thousand troops remained, which were put on board the *Porpoise* and the *Leopard*. The rest of the day was taken up by the embarkation of guns and horses, which of course took much longer. The whole was done this time under the orders of Captain Goldsmith, of the *Sidon*, as senior officer of the station. Sailors and officers worked with their accustomed zeal and that steady perseverance which is perhaps nowhere found in a greater degree than among them.

Omar Pacha does not return it seems, for his horses are to be sent off to-day or to-morrow.

TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCHES.

SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

The following has been received from General Pelissier, under date June 1:—

"We have sprung two mines in front of the Flag-staff Bastion; the second explosion did considerable damage to the enemy.

"In the ravine of Careening Bay, in advance of our works, our engineers discovered a transverse line of 24 cubic cases filled with gunpowder, each 43 centimetres thick in the inside, placed at equal distances and buried just beneath the soil; each case, containing one-fifth of a kilogramme of powder, is covered with a fuming apparatus, which would explode by the simple pressure of the foot. These cases have been taken up by our engineers."

EXPEDITION TO THE SEA OF AZOF.

BOMBARDMENT OF GENITCHI.

Intelligence was received at the Admiralty from Sir E. Lyons, at Kertch, dated the 31st of May, to the effect that the squadron in the Sea of Azof had appeared before Genitchi, landed a body of seamen and marines, and, after driving the Russian force from the place, destroyed all the depots and vessels laden with corn and supplies for the Russian army. One man only was wounded. Since entering the Sea of Azof, four steamers of war and 210 vessels employed conveying supplies to the Russian army in the Crimea have been destroyed.

The following intelligence is from Lord Raglan, dated the 2nd of June:—

"Naval operations under Admiral Lyons in the Sea of Azof continue to be permanently successful.

"Enemy driven by bombardment from Genitchi. Ninety vessels found there, laden with supplies for the army, destroyed."

The above intelligence was subsequently confirmed by a despatch received from the Commander-in-chief of the French army, to the following effect:—

CRIMEA, June 2, 10 P.M.

Advices received from Kertch, dated the 31st of May, announce that, on the refusal of the military authorities of Genitchi, situate on the northern extremity of the tongue of land of Arabat, to give up the Government stores and 90 vessels laden with provisions for the Russian army in the Crimea, the squadron, under the orders of Captain Lyons, bombarded the place, drove out the troops, and destroyed all the stores.

EVACUATION OF SOUJAK KALI BY THE RUSSIANS.

The following intelligence, bearing date 4th of June, has been received at the Admiralty from Sir E. Lyons:—

"Captain Moore, of H.M.S. *Highflyer*, who has just returned from the

coast of Circassia, reports that the enemy had entirely evacuated Soujak Kali, after destroying all the public buildings, sixty guns, and six mortars.

"The enemy appears to be concentrating at Anapa, and to be strengthening his works there. The fort on the road between Soujak Kali and Anapa is also evacuated."

In confirmation of the above, we have General Prince Gortschakoff's admission, under date of the 20th ult., to the effect, that "on the 24th the allied squadrons, after having doubled Cape Kamish, occupied Kertch and Yenikale.

"The garrisons of these places, after spiking the guns and destroying the Russian ships that were in the harbours, retreated towards Argyr without sustaining any material loss."

The Prince says, that he had taken measures to prevent the interception of the communications of the Russian army; and on a subsequent date reports as follows:—

"The allied troops burnt our transports and stores at Berdiansk. On the 29th May they cannonaded Genitchi, and burnt the depot and stores therein. We obliged two of the enemy's vessels to retire. On the 20th nothing further was attempted against Genitchi."

THE CAPTURE OF KERTCH.

(Described by our own Artist.)

H.M.S. Ship "Agamemnon," Off Kertch, May 25, 1855.

As I stated in my last note to you, I started on the expedition to Kertch in the *Agamemnon*, under the command of Sir Thos. Pauley, and up to the date I write we have been most successful. The various ships of the line, the steam-frigates and gun-boats, left the harbours of Balaklava, Kamisch, and Kazatch, and arrived at the place of rendezvous, which lies some 20 miles off Kertch, early in the morning of the 24th. We stopped here about an hour, signaling to the Admiral's ship, and then took our position and set sail, the *Royal Albert*, Sir Edmund Lyons's ship, leading the way, followed by the *Humboldt*, *Albatross*, *Agamemnon*, *St. Jean d'Arre*, *Princess Royal*, the six line-of-battle ships; the *Terrible*, *Sidon*, *Tribune*, *Furious*, *Leopard*, *Valorous*, *Sphinx*, *Mir*, and *Highflyer*, steam-frigates; the *Arrow*, *Lynx*, *Beagle*, *Wrangler*, *Pipers*, *Saaks*, and *Recruit*, gun-boats. The English fleet making in all 22 ships, in a line of about 2 miles in length. On our right, in a parallel line with us, was the French fleet, headed by Admiral Bruat's ship *Monte Bello*, followed by the *Napoleon*, and *Charlemaigne*, which were all the line-of-battle ships the French had. After these three came a number of steam-frigates, &c., so that altogether as we sailed along the Black Sea we presented rather a formidable appearance to any Russian who might have been wandering "by the salt sea wave;" but to us, to look from our ship before and behind, and to see the sails set, flags flying, and the neat trim of the vessels, their sides glistening with guns, and all shining in the rays of a May-day sun, the sight was very beautiful. On board the two Admirals' ships there were very fine bands, which, being near, we could hear, and which gave spirit to the scene. In one of the French vessels, there was a Turkish band; and although one cannot admire their music for its melody, it is impossible not to be to a certain degree charmed by the wildness and characteristic feeling which pervades it. On board the *Agamemnon* there was a regiment of Turks. Poor fellows, they are sadly snubbed by Jack. Anything that could be thought of that was dirty was not bad enough to be employed as a simile for them, in Jack's opinion; and to hear his outrageous surmise as to the number of Turks, passengers on board a small boat passing the side of ours, was something amusing. They, however, don't seem to care for anything that is done or said to them; so long as they can squat down in some corner to smoke, or wail out a melancholy lament, they seem satisfied.

At about twelve p.m. we anchored off a small village named Kamish, which is distant from Kertch about seven or eight miles, and we embarked our troops, sailors, and marines in the various ships. On nearing the shore, there was no sign of animation; but, previous to setting foot on the shore, we put a few shells into some fishermen's huts and a stone building or two, to see that there were no lurkers in them, but they were quite empty. The French landed at about two; the English a quarter of an hour afterwards. Very soon there was a sharp cannonade from the gun-boats, which blew up several magazines, and set fire to a small village near Kamish, which was burning with great fury up to a late hour last night. Fires broke out in various parts, and the troops entered the village and ransacked the place. The inhabitants had evidently departed in some haste, and only very recently, as in some of the huts there were batches of fish fresh caught, and some new black bread. We found four fishermen lurking in one of the houses, who gave themselves up the moment they were discovered, and at present this is all the prisoners we have taken. The habitations of this place—Kamish—are all of a very humble description, with one exception, which was apparently a gentleman's mansion. It was situated in the bay, near the lazaretto, and very prettily laid out. But the French had been there before we reached it, and destroyed it, and all the fixtures and broken furniture were lying about in every direction. At the entrance to the Sea of Azof we had early sighted some merchant-men cruising about, very much to the delight of the blue-jackets, who are making their fortunes in the way of prize-money, but seem insatiable, and had been reckoning on these unfortunate vessels. About four a chase took place between a gun-boat, the *Snake*, and a Russian steamer, and although the gun-boat was subjected to a harassing fire from the Russian forts, and some new earthworks which they had thrown up, it pursued the Russian into the Sea of Azof, but the crew of the latter, finding that escape was impossible, blew their vessel up. Altogether, there have fourteen vessels fallen into our hands—or rather, fourteen prizes, as several were destroyed by their owners before they were captured. Fort Paul blew up in the afternoon, and a great explosion took place at eight p.m., which, by a telegraphic despatch this morning, proves to be Yenikale, or "Enikale," *Anglais*. It was a tremendous affair, and must have done great damage. The ships, for miles round, rocked with the shock. The firing and the chase continued until evening, when there was a cessation. Camp-fires were lighted on the hills, and the villages were left to burn as they would. In the evening, it seems, some of the troops walked forward and took up an advanced position inland, and in the morning at daybreak, the English military, headed by Sir George Brown, and accompanied by the marines, the French, and the Turks—who had landed at about four o'clock—set off towards Kertch. During the day the gun-boats have been cruising about after prizes, and blowing up magazines; they have been attacked in turn, from Cape Garne, and the Cheska Bank, but seen invincible. Great masses of smoke arise from behind the hills, which lead us to suppose that the engagement is taking place at Kertch, but at present nothing is decided enough to give as authentic.

At two o'clock this afternoon, bodies of our people re-appeared over the hills, and encamped on the heights; whereas our commanders on board the

Agamemnon, gave us their opinion, as men of experience, that Kertch is taken.

Several of our officers have returned after taking troops on shore from here, bringing with them various relics, such as dogs, baskets of fish (of which I have partaken this morning, and find to be herrings, or something very like them); spoons, knives, and forks, of wood, &c. I asked the captain to allow me to go on shore with the troops, as from the ship you have to see most of what is going forward by aid of the telescope—this was yesterday; but he did not seem to care about doing it, and said he could not do so, except by permission of the admiral; so that I can only send an account of the news which has been brought from shore, and only such as I can rely on as authentic. However, the captain has now left the ship to attend his duties as shore-master; and I find that there is a steamer coming to fetch the baggage of the Turks this afternoon, so that I am in hopes of obtaining permission from the first-lieutenant—who has been very kind to me throughout—to go ashore in that; I shall then be enabled to obtain some satisfactory sketches of the various places of interest, and will send them to you by the first post.

P.S.—I have just received authentic information, to the effect, that Kertch is taken. The Russian troops, some 5,000 or 6,000 in number, evacuated the place, without the loss to us of a single man.

THE BALTIC FLEET.

SESKA, May 21.—The fleet has been lying at anchor off Nargen during the last week, with fires banked ready for immediate use. The weather has been generally fine, with the thermometer ranging between 45 and 65 degrees, and gentle breezes, mostly from the south-east and south-west. Exercise of every description, from the booming of the great guns down to the popping of Colt's revolvers, is continually going on.

May 22.—The *Ajax*, from Faro, and the *Firefly* added their number to the fleet. In the evening the *Driver* and *Vulture* sailed, the latter carrying the mail to Dantzic.

May 23.—The fog was so thick during the day it was quite impossible to go to sea. The next morning (24th) as no ship could see the one next to it, it was useless to dress them in honour of our Queen's birthday; but about 11.30 a.m. it cleared away as if on purpose to allow the flags to be run up, and at noon a royal salute thundered from every ship. The *Amphion*, which was prevented from anchoring inside last night by the fog, came in. She has been to reconnoitre about the Aland Islands. During the winter the Russian police came over there from Abo, and sent many of the inhabitants to Siberia, for trafficking with us last year; others had been flogged; and the people in the little village of Dagerly were nearly famished during the winter, as the police would not allow them to buy provisions at the public stores, for having sold us milk, eggs, &c. The *Bullfinch* left for Faro to-day.

In the evening the *Princess Alice* arrived from Faro, perfectly sound and water-tight. The Russians have complained to Sweden for allowing us to repair a ship on neutral ground (for the *Princess Alice* was hauled up on a kind of slip); but they were told in reply, "that it was not showing us any favour, for if they would come to Faro they should have the same privilege as we had." A large cutter attempted to run out of Revel harbour to-day, but was stopped by the *Locust* and obliged to return.

25.—The fog still prevents us moving. It being Friday, we spent the morning at general quarters. The gun-boats, which are each to act as a sort of tender to the line-of-battle ships, were supplied to-day with Minie rifles and ammunition by the ships they belonged to, in exchange for the old Brown Bess they were supplied with on leaving England. Some report of a Russian gunboat having been seen under the land to the westward of Revel, the *Magicienne* and the *Locust* were sent to ascertain the truth, but returned at 10 p.m. without having seen anything.

26th.—There is no fog this morning, and the sun is bright. Soon after daylight the *Blenheim* arrived from Faro, but was not allowed to anchor, and Messrs. Rainald and Deacon's steamer, *Royal Adelaide*, arrived with a cargo of fat bullocks and fresh vegetables from Elisnora; both were very welcome. As soon as these were divided among the fleet, at 11.30 a.m. a signal was made to weigh, to form in two columns of sailing, and proceed at slow speed. We left behind us at Nargen the *Ajax* and *Lightning*. The *Princess Alice* was sent to Faro, and the *Martin* to reconnoitre off Swaborg. The fleet then, consisting of fourteen sail of the line, with their gun-boats in tow, stretched over the water in two long and beautiful lines, with the smaller steamers on either side, and proceeded up the Gulf. In the evening the *Martin* returned, and went alongside the *Duke of Wellington* to report to the Admiral.

At daybreak on the 27th we passed the island of Hogland, and about noon that of Sommersland, and almost immediately after came in sight of eight or nine sail, bearing S.E.; a signal was immediately made to chase, and the *Euryalus*, *Amphion*, *Dragon*, *Firefly*, and *Locust*, were sent to cut them off from escaping. In about an hour their retreat was completely cut off, and the fleet anchored about fifteen miles from Cronstadt, in the open sea, but with the land visible all around us. The *Orion* was sent forward to reconnoitre, and proceeded within the Tolbuckin Lighthouse, only six miles from the city, close to which she could distinctly see the Russian fleet at anchor.

In the evening the *Magicienne* and *Martin* were sent to examine the coast about Borka Bay, and were fortunate enough to capture four large boats, of about 60 tons each, laden with provisions, &c., belonging to the Government. As it was getting dusk, the vessels sent to cut off the sails returned one by one, but each had in tow its prize. The *Euryalus* one, the *Amphion* one, the *Locust* one, and the *Dragon* two. They are all large barges, with two tall masts, carrying square sails on the foremast, and about 60 or 70 tons burden. One was laden partly with flour, and the rest with timber and planks.

28th (Noon).—The *Vulture* has just arrived with the mails from Dantzic, and will return again with those for England this evening.

The small-pox has ceased in the fleet. When the *Orion* went into Cronstadt to reconnoitre last night, she was able to count six line-of-battle ships completely rigged, six others dismantled, and fourteen or fifteen frigates and steamers in progress of completion.

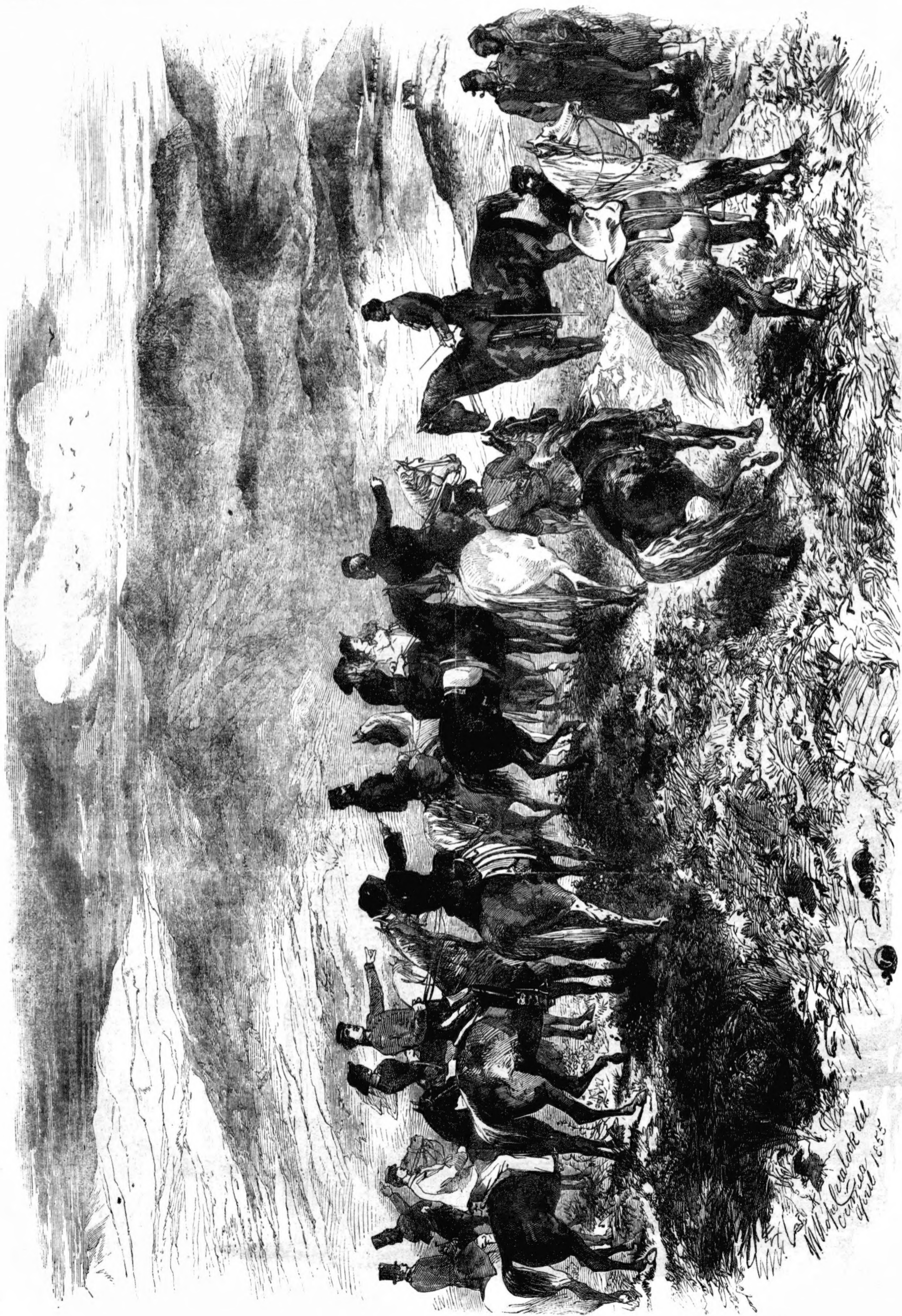
ACTIVE OPERATIONS CONTEMPLATED IN THE BALTIC.

Off Cronstadt, May 28.

The general belief of many persons likely to be well informed on the subject, is, that active operations against the enemy are about to be undertaken. The utmost reserve on all that relates to the plans of the present campaign is practised by the supreme naval authorities in the Baltic, under the questionable impression that their publication would tend to the advantage of the Russian Government, by enabling it the more effectually to thwart the offensive measures that might be adopted. Although in 1854 an important advantage over Russia was gained by the annihilation of her coasting trade in the Gulfs of Finland and Bothnia, the demolition of the fortifications of Bomarsund, together with some minor achievements by our vessels in the White Sea, something on a larger scale must not only be now attempted, but carried out to a successful issue.

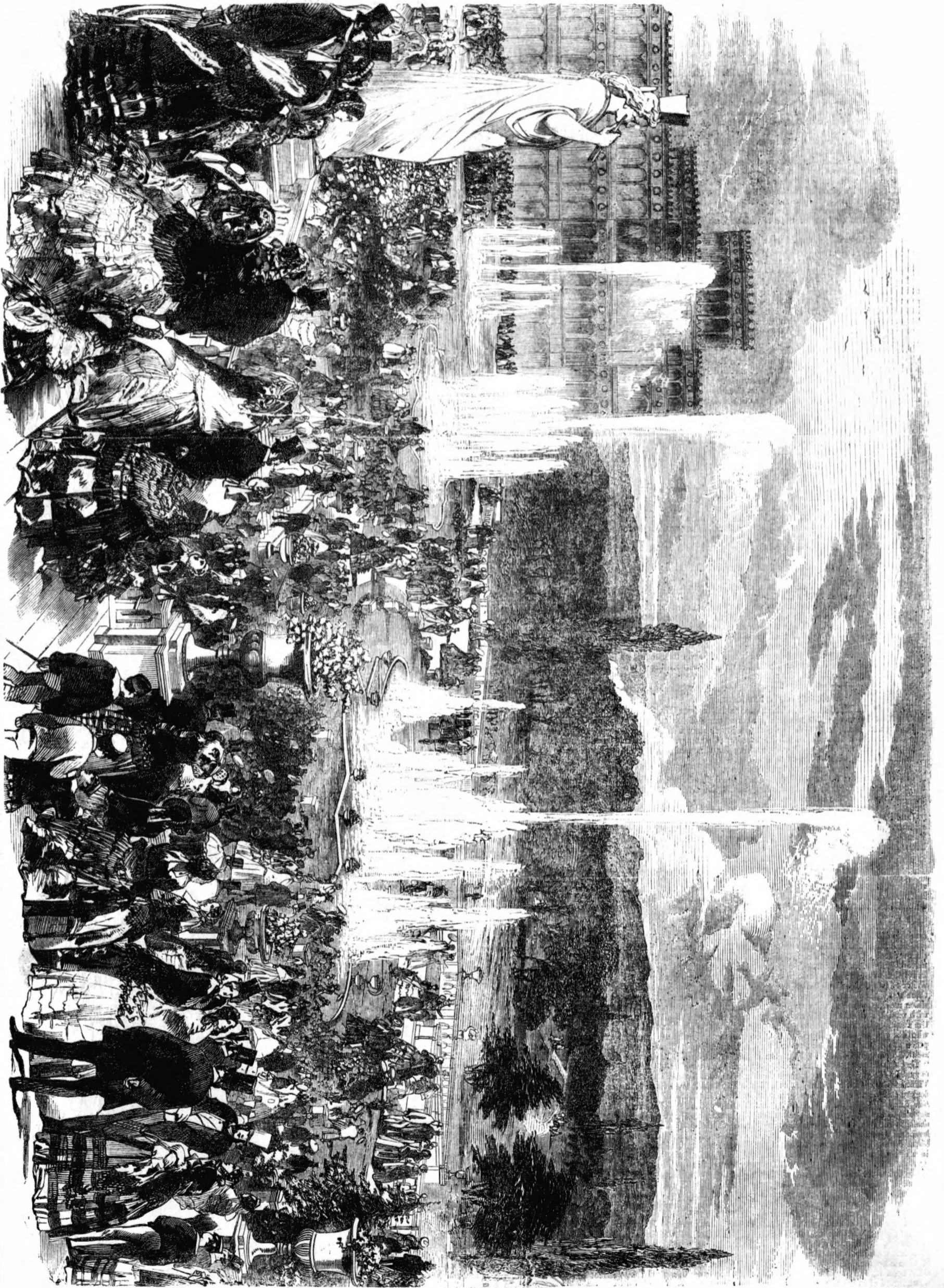
In anticipation of an attack, during the present campaign, on the strongholds in the Baltic, the Czar has recently stationed on the coasts of the Gulf of Finland a body of light cavalry, and also in the provinces of Esthonia, Livonia, and Courland, several legions in the interior of which a considerable number of infantry and artillery are quartered. The cavalry are under orders to keep a strict watch on the least movement that may take place on the coast, and to communicate by means of signals to the nearest commanding officer the spot where any hostile demonstration on the part of the Allied fleets is likely to be made. In all that appertains to the art of war the Russians appear to evince much energy and foresight.

HIGHLAND DESTITUTION.—The inhabitants of the Western Highlands are at present in a state of such lamentable destitution, that the sympathy and commiseration of the benevolent on both sides of the Tweed have been called forth in their behalf.



THE HEROES OF BALACLAVA FIGHTING THEIR BATTLES O'ER AGAIN.—(FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN CREALOCK.)

THE FIRST DISPLAY OF THE FOONMANS ON THE UPPER TERRACE OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



THE FIRST DISPLAY OF THE FOUNTAINS ON THE UPPER TERRACE OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE HEROES OF BALACLAVA FIGHTING THEIR BATTLES O'ER AGAIN.

The incident depicted in our engraving is no fanciful creation. Apart from artistic merit, whatsoever interest may attach itself to historic accuracy, the picture is entitled to, even to the minutest details.

One fine evening in April last, to the astonishment of everybody, and the delight of the Frenchmen particularly, the heights above the valley of Inkermann presented the unusual sight of a cavalcade of gaily dressed and well-mounted English ladies, escorted by a number of officers. The ladies were no others than Lady Stratford de Redcliffe, the Hon. Misses Canning, (her two daughters), and Lady George Paget, who had accompanied his Excellency, the British Ambassador to Constantinople, in his recent visit to the Crimean camp. The enthusiastic reception of such unexpected visitors by thousands of gallant fellows, who had seen no pretty faces—for months, may be imagined. It must have more than repaid the fatigue and perils—not yet entirely escaped, as will be seen—of the journey. The entire French camp turned out to a man; and, of course, those wonderful forage-caps, whose "peaks" are purposely made of incredibly stout leather—so as to withstand the ruinous effects of the national politeness as much as possible—were off in no time.

The cavaliers of the party were Lord George Paget, Colonel Douglas, (11th Hussars), and other heroes of the glorious memorable Balacava charge; who, with certainly excusable vanity—if so invidious an epithet be admissible in reference to such an occasion—had conducted their fair guests to witness the site of their terrible and madly chivalrous achievements.

Our engraving illustrates the cavalcade's halt at that portion of the lines overlooking the plains of Balacava, where,

"Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred!"

Lord George, who is in the centre of the group, is describing the charge to his wife; Colonel Douglas is on his right, and the other ladies are grouped around, each and all attentive listeners to the disastrous but glorious tale. Behind the party, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's groom, 'got up' with that neatness so peculiar to gentlemen of his profession, is attentively listening to Lord George Paget's orderly dragoon, who is giving his version of the affair.

We have above hinted that the perils of the fair explorers of warlike mysteries were not yet over. It is said that a Russian battery, "mistaking them for a body of staff," fired at, but fortunately missed them. Fortunately, indeed, for all parties, but more especially for the Russians! Had so much as a single hair of one of their precious heads been singed, would a single stone of Sebastopol be standing at this moment?

Imperial Parliament.

MONDAY, JUNE 4.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Earl of ELLENBOROUGH inquired whether the Government had received any information, in detail, respecting the accident which happened to the *Medway* off Gibraltar, while on her passage to Balacava. According to report no fewer than 65 horses had been lost, and a gentleman who had seen the horses shipped expressed at the time his apprehensions respecting their safety, unless the weather happened to be unusually fine.

Lord PANMURE, in reply, read a portion of a letter from Admiral Grant, confirming the loss of the horses. The vessel had, it appeared, met with a most violent hurricane, which occasioned the accident referred to.

TRADE WITH RUSSIA.

The Earl of ALBEMARLE wished to ask the Government, whether they had any objection to state the exact words which Captain Watson of the *Imperieuse* addressed to the authorities of Port Baltic in announcing the blockade of that port on the 28th of April of this year; and also to ask whether they thought the Russian Government were warranted in the assertion that the Government of England had now renounced the principle adopted a year ago, that the flag covered the cargo?

Earl GRANVILLE replied, that there had been nothing in the conduct or statements of Captain Watson or his lieutenants, to warrant the representations made by the Russian Government.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Sir Denis Le Merchant, chief clerk, read a letter from Mr. Speaker, stating that he was unable to attend, in consequence of having sprained his ankle, and Mr. Fitzroy took the chair, in concordance with the standing orders. At a later period of the evening it was agreed that Mr. FITZROY should take the chair every evening for this week, during the Speaker's absence, without any other formality.

INCOME-TAX FRANCHISE.

Major REED gave notice that on Tuesday, the 26th of June, he should move for leave to bring in a bill conferring the elective franchise upon all persons assessed for the income tax.

VIENNA CONFERENCES.

Lord PALMERSTON said, in reply to Mr. T. Duncombe, that the representatives of the various powers were to have assembled at Vienna on Tuesday last, finally to close the Conferences, but the result was not yet known.

CAPTAIN WATSON AT PORT BALTIC.

In answer to Mr. J. G. Phillimore, Sir CHARLES WOOD gave an unqualified contradiction to a Russian statement, that Captain Watson, of the blockading squadron in the Baltic, had renounced the principle laid down by the British Government, that a neutral flag would be allowed to cover the cargo.

PROSECUTION OF THE WAR.

Mr. MILNER GIBSON, in resuming the debate, passed in review the speeches of both the friends and opponents of the Government. While he said both parties advocated the prolongation of the war, it was difficult to discover that either of them entertained any definite views as to the ultimate objects of the contest. Indeed, the position of both of those parties in relation to this subject, resembled that ascribed by an eminent political writer to two reviews which strongly opposed each other, though politically there was little difference between them; they remind (him of two opposition coaches, which raised a great deal of dust and bellowed each other with mad, but were in reality travelling the same road, and would arrive at the same destination. This remark, however, did not apply to Mr. Disraeli, who did not so completely exclude all hope of an early and satisfactory peace as did the portentous announcement of the members of the Government. The amendment now before the House, as put by Mr. Lowe, was, "That this House having seen with regret, owing to the refusal of Russia to restrict the strength of her navy in the Black Sea, that the conferences of Vienna have not led to a termination of hostilities, feels it to be its duty to declare (the means of coming to agreement on the third basis of negotiation being by that refusal exhausted) that it will continue to give every support to her Majesty in the prosecution of the war, until her Majesty shall, in conjunction with her allies, obtain for this country a safe and honourable peace." To this motion Mr. Gibson said, "No." He had himself brought forward a proposition the converse of this, and as he had been charged with postponing it in consequence of an intrigue, he would now state that the responsibility of its postponement rested entirely on himself. He denied that the doctrines of the peace party had any influence in inducing the Emperor of Russia to go to war, and he assigned the articles that appeared in the leading journals as a much more probable cause of the war. That war he understood to be undertaken for the defence of Turkey, and for that alone; but ghastly phantoms were ever and anon conjured up as to the colossal power and the aggressive tendencies of Russia. The members of the Government, it was plain, did not themselves believe in those phantoms, for in despatches recently laid before the House, those Ministers were lavish in their praise of the moderation and integrity of the Russian Emperor. The limitation of the Russian fleet was puerile; but to insist upon it, and to make a question so narrow the cause of a great war, was unheard of in the history of this country. He called upon the House,

then, to pause well and consider before they committed themselves to a war for indefinite objects.

Sir W. MOLESWORTH said, the question now before the House was, whether we ought or ought not to make peace upon the Russian proposal on the third point. He said the substance of Mr. Gibson's argument was, first, that we have already gained the objects of the war; and secondly, that those objects would be secured as well by the Russian proposals respecting the third point, as by the proposals of the allied powers; and consequently it is asked, what are we quarrelling and fighting about? He denied that the objects of the war had yet been gained, and the motto for a great nation was,

"Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opponent may beware of thee."

The history of the present war shows how closely this rule has been observed. We commenced it reluctantly, but having drawn the sword, incurred a vast expenditure, and sacrificed many valuable lives—the chief reasons for abating our demands no longer exist. The great objects of this war, undertaken as it had been with the all but unanimous consent of the English people, were to prevent the dangerous aggrandisement of Russia at the expense of the Ottoman Empire—an aggrandisement, too, which threatened the stability of European states—and tended to violate the law of nations.

Mr. JOHN MCGREGOR insisted that no peace should be concluded till Sebastopol was destroyed, and till Russia made full indemnity to the allies for the expenses of the war.

Mr. GRANVILLE VERNON could not go the length of those who maintained that we ought never to increase the terms which had once been rejected; but this he did say, that our successes ought not to induce us to raise our demands.

Lord DUNGARVON made his maiden speech in support of a war policy. He said he would support the first part of the amendment of the Hon. Member for Kidderminster, but not the second part, which would have the effect of embarrassing the Government.

Mr. HENRY BAILEY condemned the conduct of the Government in not having kept our army up to an efficient point, and in not drawing upon the resources of our Indian empire. He was against making peace on Russian terms, as he considered the terms proposed by the allies wholly inadequate to the exigency.

Mr. MONCKTON MILNES recommended that no ship of war belonging to any nation whatever should be allowed in the Black Sea.

Lord ELCHO then said he was unable to support the views of his Right Hon. Friend (Mr. Gladstone), whose speech he regretted, because the feeling of the vast majority of the people and of the members of that House was diametrically opposed to his views, and because his speech was calculated to give form and colour to the rumours that the Government of Lord Aberdeen had never heartily entered into the prosecution of the war, and that "lukewarm" should be the explanation of "too late."

Lord CLAUDE HAMILTON defended the Russian propositions as more effectual for the maintenance of peace. He could not, therefore, vote with the Hon. Member for Kidderminster, as he did not believe the rupture of the negotiations was attributable to Russia.

The speech of the evening was that of

Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, in the commencement of which he reminded the Hon. Member for Manchester that the sentiment of honour which might be given up by an individual was essential to the existence of a nation; and he could not believe that the honour of England would be kept unstained if we were now to accept terms of peace which Turkey herself would indignantly reject. But that Right Hon. Gentleman and some others were consistent, for they had always opposed the war. "But I cannot conceive," we give the words of the Hon. Baronet, "how any member of that Government which led us into this war, and is responsible for all it has cost us, should now suddenly adopt the language of peace societies, and hold it as a crime if we push to success the enterprise he and his colleagues commenced by a failure. I approach the arguments of the Right Hon. Gentleman the member for the University of Oxford with a profound respect for his rare intellect and eloquence, and still more for that genuine earnestness which assures us that if he ever does diverge into sophistry and paradox, it is not till he has puzzled his own conscience into belief of their simplicity and truth. If he is perplexed to determine what mode of limiting the Russian preponderance can be invented, one rule for his guidance at least he is bound to consider imperative—namely, that the mode of limitation must be one which shall content not England alone, but the ally to whom the faith of England was pledged by the Cabinet which the Right Hon. Gentleman adorned. It is strange to what double uses the Right Hon. Gentleman can put an ally. When he wished to inquire into the causes of calamities to an army purely our own—calamities which the Right Hon. Gentleman thinks were so exaggerated—an exaggeration which inquiry has not served to dispel—then we were told, 'What are you doing? Take care! To inquire into the fate of an English army may offend and alienate your ally, France.' And now, when the Right Hon. Gentlemen would have desired us to patch up a peace, he forgets altogether that we have an ally upon the face of the globe. He recommended us singly to creep out of the quarrel with Russia, and would leave us equally exposed to the charge of desertion by Turkey and of perfidy by France. "Oh," says the Right Hon. Gentleman the member for Oxford, with a solecism in logic which I could never have expected from so acute a reasoner, "see how Russia has gradually come down to terms which she before so contemptuously scouted. In February, 1853, she declared such and such terms incompatible with her honour; she would dictate terms to Turkey only at St. Petersburg, under the frown of the Czar, or at the headquarters of the Russian camp; and now see how mild and equitable Russia has become." Yes; and how was that change effected? By diplomacy and negotiation? By notes and protocols? No; these had been tried in vain—the result of these was the levying of armaments—the seizure of provinces—the massacre of Sinope. That change was effected by the sword—effected in those fields of Alma and Inkermann, to which the Right Hon. Gentleman so touchingly appealed—effected in those military successes inspired by the passion for fame and glory on which, as principles of action, his humanity is so bitterly sarcastic. The Right Hon. Gentleman dwelt, in a Christian spirit which moved us all, on the gallant blood that had been shed by us, our allies, and even by our foes, in this unhappy quarrel. But did it never occur to him that all the while he was speaking, this one question was forcing itself on the minds of his English audience—"And shall all this blood have been shed in vain?" Was it merely to fertilize the soil of the Crimea with human bones? and shall we, who have buried there two-thirds of our army, still leave a fortress at Sebastopol and a Russian fleet in the Black Sea eternally to menace the independence of that ally whom our heroes have perished to protect? And would not that blood have been shed in vain? Talk of recent negotiations—talk of effecting the object for which you commenced the war! Let us strip those negotiations of diplomatic quibbles, and look at them like men of common sense. I put it to the candour of those distinguished advocates for the Russian proposals, whose sincerity I am sure is worthy of their character and talents, whether the obvious result of both these propositions for peace is not to keep four Powers in the unrelaxing attitude of war—one of those Powers always goaded on by cupidity and ambition, the other three always agitated by jealousy and suspicion? Is it on such a barrel of gunpowder, as this that you would ask the world to fall asleep? The amendment of the Right Hon. Member for Portsmouth would have been more complimentary to the quarter whence he stole it if he had not added the crime of murder to that of theft. He takes the infant from the paternal cradle, cuts it in half, and the head which he presents to us has no longer a leg left to stand upon. The mediation of Austria is withdrawn for the present, but Austria is still there, always ready to mediate as long as she hesitates to act. It is well to consider what may be our best position with regard to a Power with which we shall constantly be brought into contact. I cannot too earnestly entreat you to distinguish between the friendship with Austria and the alliance with Austria. I think it of the utmost importance, if you would confine this war within compact and definite limits, that you should maintain friendly terms with a Power which, as long as it is neutral, if it cannot serve, does not harm you, and which you could not seriously injure without casting out of the balance of Europe one of the weights most

necessary to the equilibrium of the scales. It is easy to threaten Austria with the abandonment of her ill-considered empire—easy to say, "I will withdraw from a fourth-rate Power. But she has this answer to the practical sagacity of England and the chivalrous moderation of France—

"I, the Empire of Austria, am not less essential as a counterpoise to France than the integrity of Turkey is essential as a barrier against Russia. As far as I can judge, our tone with Austria has been more than sufficient, and our mode of arguing with her somewhat ludicrous. I remind one of the story of an American, who saw making up to him a enormous bear, and belook himself to his devotions, exclaiming, 'O Lord, there is going to be a horrible fight between me and the bear, all I seek is fair play and no favour; and if there is justice in heaven you ought to help me; but if you won't do so, at least don't help the bear.' I say nothing here against the fair possibility of re-constructing in some future congress the independence of Poland, or such territorial arrangements as are comprised in this question, 'What is to be done with the Crimea, provided we take it?' But these are not all that is meant by the language we hear, less vaguely out of this House than in it, except what a Minister implies what he shrinks from explaining. And won and shame to the English statesman who, whatever may be his sympathy for European subjects, shall raise them to rebellion against their native thrones, foreseeing that in the changes of popular representative government, that his Cabinet may promise to-day a new Cabinet to-morrow may revoke; that he has no power to redeem in freedom the pledges that he writes in blood; and woe still more to brave populations that are taught to rest democracy on the arms of foreign soldiers, the fickle cheers of foreign popular assemblies, or to dream that liberty can ever be received as a gift, extorted as a right, maintained as an hereditary heirloom, except the charter be obtained at their own Runnymede, and signed under the shadow of their own oaks. Therefore, in this war let us strictly keep to the object for which it was begun—the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire, secured by all the guarantees which statesmen can devise, or victory enable us to demand."

The LORD ADVOCATE concurred in almost every sentiment expressed by the Honourable Baronet who had just sat down. He thought the peace party were somewhat to blame for the origin of this war; and when the Right Honourable Member for Manchester attributed the origin of the war to the articles of the press, which persuaded Russia that there would be no cordial union between England and France, he forgot that this was really an admission that Russia was only waiting for an opportunity to attack Turkey. The Honourable and Learned Gentleman then at some length defended the policy of the Government.

Mr. CORDEN moved the adjournment of the debate, which, after some discussion, was agreed to, and the debate was adjourned till Tuesday.

The orders of the day were disposed of, and the House adjourned at half-past 2 o'clock.

TUESDAY, JUNE 5.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE TURKISH CONTINGENT.

Lord PANMURE, in reply to an inquiry respecting the delay which had attended the raising of this force, said the cause had arisen from the fact that the Turkish forces which had been concentrated at Constantinople from which it was expected the contingent would be principally composed, had been removed to support the operations of Omar Pasha in the Crimea.

The Earl of HARDWICKE strongly condemned the subsidising of foreigners in the service of this country.

Lord PANMURE protested against the speech of the Noble Earl, as tending to do England great mischief in the estimation of foreigners.

VIENNA CONFERENCE.

Lord CLARENDON announced that he had received a despatch from Vienna informing him, that on Monday last Count Buol had closed the Conferences finally.

THE NEWSPAPER STAMP DUTIES BILL
was then read a third time, and passed.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE ADJOURNED DEBATE.

Mr. CORDEN, in resuming the debate on the war, defended at considerable length the tactics of the peace party. He said, the speech of Sir W. Molesworth reminded him very much of the Irishman who went to the West Indies, and hearing certain persons on shore using bad language, and supposing them to be his own countrymen, exclaimed "What, black and early already!" Never was there dyed so deep a black, never was there gained so pure a earl, as that which the Right Hon. Gentleman had experienced since he had taken his place on the ministerial benches. He believed the tendency of this war would be to extend the influence of a power which it professed to depress, and he believed moreover that the whole of the changes which had from time to time come over the Cabinet, were attributable to leading articles which appeared in the London press, to communications which had been made from Ministers to editors, or, more probably, from Ministers' wives to editors' wives. (Great laughter.) The Right Hon. Baronet objected to the Russian terms that in such a case must have kept up a war establishment. But he would ask him how long the expenses of this war would have enabled us to keep up a war establishment in the Black Sea? The Right Hon. Baronet had vituperated Russia more than any other member of this House. Was he aware, as a Cabinet Minister, that he had bound this country to be joint-governor with Russia in the government of Wallachia and Moldavia? This has been done by one of the Vienna protocols. From the same protocols he read some extracts to show that the Government meant to enslave still further the inhabitants of these provinces; and he called on Mr. Layard to denounce the war altogether, as it had objects so different from those he cherished. He (Mr. Cobden) had long ago warned influential persons that this war would only strengthen despotism, and depress still lower the people. The Noble Lord the member for London had drawn a strong picture of the aggression and the corruption of the Russian Government; but the obvious reply was, which of the four points was intended to correct all these frightful evils? He denied that there was any feeling in Germany favourable to the cause of the allies, and it ought not to be forgotten that the old traditional feelings of Germany were favourable to Russia and hostile to France. He said now, as he had said from the beginning, that if this country must go to war, we ought to have confined ourselves to our strong arm, the navy, and not to have sent a man to Turkey. If Germany was really in danger, let the Germans fight for themselves. He was recently talking to an intelligent Prussian, who said, "You English are most unreasonable, and somewhat arrogant people. You expect us to enter upon a war with Russia; we, with a population of 18,000,000 or 17,000,000, lying alongside a population of 60,000,000. You don't recollect that we cannot withdraw from a war as you can, and retire to an impenetrable place. What you want us to do can only be compared to the conduct of a man who is driving a dog to make an attack upon a wolf."

Sir JAMES CRAHAM said, the real question at issue was, had the objects for which the war was undertaken been obtained; did not the Conferences afford fair ground for the belief, that the opportunity of bringing it to an honourable termination did exist?

Lord J. RUSSELL recapitulated in detail the leading propositions connected with the Vienna Conferences, and maintained, in opposition to Mr. Cobden and his friends, that the Government was justified in the various decisions to which they came. He denied that in his former speech he had said a word in favour of a war of nationalities; but he thought it would be necessary to obtain some material guarantee against the aggressions of Russia. He defended the sincerity of Austria throughout the negotiations, and deprecated any weakening of her power in the European system. In conclusion, he suggested that it would be much more regular now to wait till the closing papers of the Vienna Conferences were produced, when the minister would propose an address to her Majesty, which would then properly and regularly open up the whole question.

Mr. ROEBUCK moved the adjournment of the debate.

After some discussion, the debate was adjourned till Thursday.

effect unless they were close enough. The more sensible of the people were taking their places in the balcony decorated with red cloth, erected on the occasion of the Emperor's visit. We knew which would have the better view.

The signal was given. The men who acted as turncocks grappled their iron levers and commenced letting on the water. Everything was silent. Sud-

denly came the hissing of the water, the grumbling of the driven-out air, and a round head of frothing silver rose from each jet. The turncocks worked faster; the waters rose, bubbling up and up, until they grew, foot by foot, to monster columns.

It was a beautiful sight!—so beautiful, that it was not until the assembled bands broke out into music that the people could recover their

senses. The large fountain at the foot of the terraces at first sent forth a yellow stream, driving out the gravel that had remained in the pipe. After a few seconds, the column grew clear as crystal. How the different jets crossed and re-crossed each other!—their very foam forming graceful lines.

A gust of wind seized the jets, and forced the spray over the crowd.



THE FLORAL FETE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

They scampered off, laughing and gathering up their pretty dresses. Now arose the sweet odour of watered ground. The hot sun had dried the flower beds, turning the black mould to gray earth; and as the foam fell around, the earth drank it up, pouring out its sweet breath in return, as though it had opened its mouth for the draught.

Will the Crystal Palace fountains equal those of Versailles? It is a foolish question! The jets d'eau at Sydenham depend only upon their water displays, strength of pump, and play of line. Those at Versailles have been so aided by the art of the sculptor, that the hydraulic display is

almost secondary to the united effect. Both gardens are unrivalled in their separate beauties; and so much the better, for the world has thus two delights instead of one.

The people were now going away. The seven thousand carriages outside were moving about, backing and breaking the line, despite the shouts of the police. Red-coated attendants were rushing everywhere, screaming for carriages, and the gentlemen with riding-whips were walking off to the stables where their nags were housed. The main body of the visitors were crowding towards the railway station, getting their tickets ready on the

way. Cigar cases were pulled out, and the Havana smoked in hitherto forbidden walks. The band was playing its last polka, and two couple in one of the corridors were taking advantage of the solitude to have a quiet dance. The band-men laughed and played louder and longer. Everybody was good-natured on that glorious day.

There was still one more sight:—"Do you see that little man in the white hat? It is Sir Joseph Paxton!" Everybody that saw him was glad that he was looking so well. It appeared most strange that so small a man should have built so large a Palace.

LORD DUNDONALD.

LORD DUNDONALD (the most distinguished naval officer now living, and the present representative of the Blakes and Nelsons of our history) is son of Archibald, ninth Earl of Dundonald, and was born in 1775. His family is ancient and illustrious. The Cochrane derived their name from the barony of Cochrane, in Renfrewshire, and can be distinctly traced to 1296. Sir William Cochrane of Cowdon was made Lord Cochrane in 1647, and Earl of Dundonald in 1669; and from him the present Peer is tenth in descent. His father, the ninth Earl, was eminently distinguished in science, and damaged his ancient patrimony by labours in its cause—labours which immensely served both commerce and agriculture, and the inspiration of which has stimulated the present Earl to exercise his genius in the same way. We say his "genius," for Lord Dundonald has employed both pen and sword—has tried sea and land, and scientific workshop into the bargain; and he has done all with that fervid originality—that mingled freshness of feeling and freshness of view, which is the surest sign of genius, either in poet, or statesman, or warrior. He is such an old man now, and his great exploits belong to such distant times, that the new generation, we fear, hardly know what a specimen of the grand old sea-gentleman of England is still alive among them. He stands, like the old oak, covered with trophies, to which Lucan compares Pompey—

"Exuvias veteres populi, sacratæque gestans,
Dona ducunt."

somewhat, as it were, old-fashioned and out of date. But it is not now, with a great war on hand, and a great future before us, that the youth of England can afford to neglect the stimulant of a high example. Be it ours to subjoin to the effigies of the veteran, such a sketch as our limits permit, of his adventurous career. He was aloft, our young readers may remark, not long after our grandfathers were married, and was borne on a ship's books before Dr. Johnson died. When he first smelt salt water, Louis XVI. had just been beheaded, and the great European war begun. It was in 1793, that "Thomas Lord Cochrane" joined the *Hind*, commanded by his uncle. Our readers will smile at hearing that he had "entered the service" nominally in 1780 (at five years), and that he had been gazetted a captain of the 79th Foot likewise! These little circumstances need no illustrations, except to say that they were parts of a system of abuses against which we shall find Lord Cochrane fighting as heartily as ever he fought against Frenchman or Spaniard.

Lord Cochrane removed that same year from the *Hind* to the *Thetis*, a forty-two gun frigate, in which he served on the North American station. He soon learned his work. In three years he had the speaking-trumpet put in his hands as acting-lieutenant; and in 1795, the *Thetis*, accompanied



LORD DUNDONALD.—(FROM A RECENT SKETCH.)

by the *Hussar* (28), beat a French squadron of five sail, and captured two of them. At twenty, he had seen sharp work, and had done it. Personal gallantry, it would be superfluous to say, he always conspicuously had; but this is only one quality: figure to yourself the extreme of daring, perfectly cool and calm, united with quick brilliant insight into the matter to be done, and an execution sharp, short, and lightning-like—and you have a notion of Lord Cochrane's quality as a naval officer. He was a union of two kinds of naval men—the sea-dog of the "old school," and the gentleman and man of science along with it. As far back as Benbow's day, the question used to be agitated whether "tars" or "gentlemen" were the fittest persons for command afloat. William III. consulted the immortal Benbow on the subject, and the answer was,—neither exclusively.—"The danger lay," quoth that old warrior, "in preferring gentlemen without merit, and tars beyond their capacities." Lord Cochrane was a meritorious gentleman, and a capable tar!

After the *Thetis* and North American days, Lord Cochrane went to the pleasant Mediterranean (where there was other work doing than eating ices at Malta), and he served successively in the *Africa*, *Resolution*, *Foudroyant*, *Barfleur*, and *Queen Charlotte*, flag-ships of Lord Keith, as O'Byrne's capital "Naval Biography" testifies. In 1799 he had much gun-boat service, sallying out from under the shadow of the Gibraltar rock, and striking rapid blows. In 1800 he was appointed to the command of the *Speedy*, a brig of fourteen guns and fifty-four men—and captured thirty-three vessels in her in fourteen months. The little *Speedy* soon became famous. She was striking everywhere, like a high-bred falcon—terrifying sea-birds of inferior heart. But her great feat was performed on the 6th of May, 1801—and to it we invite the reader's particular attention; for this feat of her's was Lord Cochrane all over—in its excessiv daring—in its rapid execution. The *Speedy*, then, on a fine May Mediterranean day, is off Barcelona. A Spanish frigate, *El Gamo*, of 32 guns, and 319 men, heaves in sight. What is to be done? Instantly the *Speedy* dies at her. The "Don" commanding her is killed; the frigate boarded and carried triumphantly, and taken away under the English flag. Next year a French squadron captured the *Speedy*—for how is a poor little brig to fight a squadron?—but the French captain, with all his country's politeness, would not accept Lord Cochrane's sword. This was a pleasant incident, and one rare in war; but Cochrane was famous, and the Frenchman generous, and it should be remembered to the honour of both. In 1801—this same year—Lord Cochrane obtained his post-captain's rank, but was now kept two years unemployed—for reasons which throw a light on his character, and on the character of the Admiralty likewise. The truth is, Lord



THE QUEEN'S GOLD VASE.

THE ASCOT RACE PLATE.
THE ASCOT CUP.

THE ROYAL HUNT CUP.

Cochrane never "knocked under" to admiralties—nor to potentates, kaisars, or big-wigs in any shape. He never winked at abuses. Lord Cochrane, we say, was artfully kept two years unemployed, just when there was plenty of prize-money going, because—in trying to get some of his old *Speedy* officers (for he stuck to those who stuck to him) promoted, he unthinkingly remarked that there were more men killed in her in the *El Gamo* affair, than were killed in the flag-ship at the battle of St. Vincent.

The two years (1801-1803) passed—in scientific studies we doubt not; and then Lord Cochrane was appointed to the *Arab*, 22—an "old merchant ship," fitted for carrying coals, by nature, but purchased by the Admiralty for his Majesty's navy. This custom of buying vessels unfit for their work was common, perilous, and infamous at that time. To make matters complete, they sent Cochrane to guard a fishery where no vessel fished,—for a while. The next years passed off, in the *Arab* and *Pallas* in French coast service, in the blockade of Boulogne, destruction of enemy's semaphore, and other business; and in 1806 our officer took command of the *Impérieuse*, 44, and served much on the coast of Catalonia and elsewhere, during which time he defended Trinidad Castle on the Spanish coast in a remarkable manner: all of which service is secondary in his history,—though it would make reputation enough for many an inferior man, and though one could wish that a tenth part of such service had been seen by certain persons now aloft in high command!—Let us advance to 1809, when a telegraph summoned Lord Cochrane to the Admiralty, and he found his "advice" wanted in a very serious matter. We now come to another of his peculiarly brilliant exploits.

The French squadron at this time was lying in the Basque Roads; of course meditating coming out and doing its worst against British colonies and commerce. It was well protected at its moorings by—among other things—a formidable "boom." Officers consulted had reported the getting at this squadron a dangerous and difficult business; and what had Lord Cochrane to suggest? Lord Cochrane suggested "fire-ships" and other vigorous measures; sailed in himself in charge—burst the aforesaid boom as by a thunderbolt—drove the fleet ashore—and filled every thing with fire and terror in the neighbourhood. Away drifted the stately French men-of-war ashore; and Lord Cochrane signalled that he saw the moment for finally destroying them.—But Lord Gambier thought enough had been done; and with disgust and regret, Lord Cochrane saw two-thirds of what might have been effected, left undone. For his services on this occasion, he was made K.B. But when it was announced to him that there was to be a Parliamentary vote of thanks, he replied that "he should oppose it," (he had been elected for Westminster in 1807,) "as regarded Gambier." Here was a fact for the Admiralty! Here was a man who did his own duty, and was determined everybody else should do theirs. The Gambier court-martial, "accompanied by forgery and perjury," some say, followed—but we have no space for all that followed. The observing reader will not wonder that from 1809 to 1814, Lord Cochrane was "unemployed." What the country lost by this, the Admiralty never inquired. What cared they? Spite was gratified; and if the country lost—why the country was used to it.

But the country had in Lord Cochrane an active member of Parliament, and his career in that capacity (1807-1814) now comes before us. He was not a party man in politics,—another characteristic of the true old English sailor. Blake said his business was to "prevent foreigners from fooling us." Nelson thought his business was "to fight the French." Benbow, when William asked his pleasure about going somewhere—growled out that he did not understand that kind of thing, but went where his Majesty wanted him. A sailor has no business with party politics. Cochrane took up a variety of points,—not from a party motive, but simply that he could judge of certain abuses, and that he detested them heartily. He took up the cause of our prisoners of war, and laboured to have them decently treated. He opposed jobs. He made an onslaught on pensions and securities of a questionable character. How unpopular this made him in those days, we can fancy. The old hack of power, Wilson Croker, was let loose on him, and the difference between the gallant freedom of speech of a brave officer and gentleman, and the pert, vulgar vivacity (immortalized in Disraeli's "Rigby") of the man whose trade was to defend corruption—is still curious and interesting in the pages of "Hansard." Lord Cochrane made bitter enemies; and in the unfortunate event of 1814, he found the consequences of that fact.

The event of 1814—the "Cochrane Trial"—the shadow of which has rested like a cloud on this great officer's subsequent life, we are not called on to probe about. William the Fourth re-instated him in the Navy. In 1847, the "Bath" was restored to him. The men who so restored his place and honours, cannot have believed that he justly lost them. Masses of the old generation remember the sympathy for Lord Cochrane, which brought him "in" again for Westminster, after his fine, imprisonment, and loss of seat. To the new generation a vague story only has reached, for few have investigated the circumstances. They must here be briefly stated, since they changed the course of the life we are writing a memoir of; and since they remain a portion of the history of that time.

In February, 1814, a fraud was practised on the Stock Exchange, by the circulation of false news which affected the funds. A number of persons, including Lord Cochrane and an uncle of his, were indicted for a "conspiracy" to spread this news. One De Berenger, who brought the false news from Dover to London (with an audacious ingenuity, to detail which would be a long story), was clearly enough a guilty leader. But the prosecutors connected this De Berenger with Lord Cochrane. They brought forward, that after driving with his lie into London, he proceeded to the house of Lord Cochrane. They brought forward that the morning Lord Cochrane's money in the funds was sold out. They coupled these facts, and pronounced that there was connivance. A jury and Lord Ellenborough found Lord Cochrane guilty. He was fined, imprisoned, and lost rank and honours.

Lord Cochrane had been about to join the *Tonnant* (Sir Alexander Cochrane), and was going to carry with him that secret invention which he still urges on our official ears. He totally, solemnly, passionately, denied the truth of the terrible accusation. De Berenger he knew; for the man was military by profession, and had been begging employment of him for a time past. But De Berenger had come to him that morning with a story of his own—and if he had lied in one matter, why, where was the improbability of his lying in another? Lord Cochrane had been deceived by him, called back to his house from a lamp manufactory where he was busy about a "light" of his invention, knowing nothing of what he had been about that morning, and ready to hear him, as usual, about his chances of employment. As for the "selling out," why, his broker had standing orders to sell if the funds even rose one; while, as it happened, that day's selling out had not produced much, which did not look as if he had meditated a fraud, the consequences of which must be so serious! Against the circumstantial evidence he put these explanations, and an affidavit of innocence. Of the witnesses whose evidence against him was dwelt on, one was a hackney-coachman, who was afterwards convicted of robbery, and one a man who was proved to have unsuccessfully tried to obtain money from him before coming forward with his evidence. Lord Cochrane, in fact, considered himself a party conspired against, rather than a party conspiring. The howl of his political enemies was loud and long; and at the hands of the bitter Ellenborough, what man hostile in any shape to the ruling powers ever met with any approach to human tenderness?

As we have said, the results of this trial were subsequently blotted out by Lord Cochrane's restoration to his rank, but this was tardily done, and we prefer dwelling upon the fact that the trial itself was one, on the history and documents of which we can look back with the most entire conviction that they prove nothing against Lord Cochrane, except that he was unfortunate. We can see, indeed, that the circumstantial evidence was sufficient to enable a dexterous barrister to persuade an average jury that a man of dangerous political tendencies was probably mixed up in a widely ramified combination. The unlucky circumstance for the gallant and careless seaman, was that he had been brought in contact with men undoubtedly in the conspiracy, and that he was thus at once at their mercy, and liable to the suspicions which might flow from any part of their conduct. It was difficult for a jurymen to discriminate nicely in a complicated inquiry; but for our parts we think it much more probable that a jurymen was half a knave. The oath of a hero will always weigh with men of generosity of sentiment; and here, in addition to this solemnity, we are asked to consider

it likely that a man of sense and sagacity would risk everything in life for the sake of adding a thousand or two to his fortune, by combining in a dangerous scheme with a starving adventurer. The common sense of the Westminster electors said "no" to this probability, and listened with sympathy to the passionate asseverations of the brave man; and after, and in spite of the sentence, brought him into Parliament again for the borough.

But Thomas, Lord Cochrane, was out of the English navy. The Admiralty were at leisure to buy colliers—send half-manned ships to sea, kill the sailors with scurvy; the dockyards were safe in ineffable corruption; Rigby was port and triumphant; and England had lost the greatest naval officer who survived Nelson and Collingwood. A few years passed. The Spanish South American provinces revolted against the Crown of Spain. The new government of Chili required naval commanders, and Lord Cochrane proceeded to South America.

He arrived at Valparaiso on the 20th of November, 1818. In two years and a half from the time at which he became head of the naval force of Chili, he had taken, destroyed, or forced to surrender every Spanish vessel in the Pacific, and cleared the western coast of South America of pirates. This is a summary of his exploits. A specimen of them—a good sample of the Cochrane manner—was the taking of the *Esmeralda*, 42, in 1820. The *Esmeralda* was lying in Callao, protected by 300 pieces of artillery on shore; by a strong boom, and chain moorings; by 27 gun-boats of various sizes; and had 370 sailors and marines on board—fellows who had slept at their quarters for weeks, according to a historian who was in South America during Cochrane's stay. Lord Cochrane saw with his eagle glance, that she must be "cut out," and cut her out accordingly.

At ten o'clock at night, he assembled his fourteen boats, and pulled directly for the enemy. He was the first man on board. Instantly, the sentinel fired, and shot him through the right thigh. Instantly, he lurched the sentinel overboard; seated himself wounded on the hammock-netting and gave his orders. The enemy were driven aft, and then below, and the *Esmeralda* was lost to the Crown of Spain. Lord Cochrane was soon as famous in South America, as he had been in the Mediterranean, as he had been on the French coast, as he had been in England. He secured the freedom of the provinces and spread terror over the Pacific.

With that mixture of scientific with warlike zeal, which always marked the man, and which reminds one of Herbert of Cherbury, or the great men of Elizabeth's time—Lord Cochrane had meditated all sorts of improvements in South America. He urged sound views in trade upon the people; he carried out agricultural implements, and meant to improve agriculture there. He had taken his family with him, and in his first action with the enemy, his little son of six years old walked the deck holding his hand, and when a man was killed at a quarter-deck gun, said,—"The ball is not made for little Tom yet, papa." Perhaps, Lord Cochrane would have settled in South America, but the governors of the new states showed little gratitude. They neglected to pay the seamen of his fleet. San Martin the tyrant, whom the revolution raised to despotism (one of those men who avenge the world on republicans, and justify the saying of Tacitus, that a deposed king's avenger is *quisquis successit*—whoever has succeeded him) was jealous of Cochrane's celebrity. He proved his gratitude by refusing to pay the men; and his honesty, by proposing to Lord Cochrane to help himself to the Philippine Islands. But if Martin was a traitor, Cochrane was not a pirate; though, by the by, had he been the man his enemies asserted, he might in the times we are writing of have covered himself with gold, and brought those who had hated him in 1814, grovelling to his feet. A good story belongs to this San Martin period. In 1822, when Lord Cochrane was before Callao, San Martin (the "Protector," as he had constituted himself) chose to suspect, or pretended to suspect, that he meant to seize the *Puebla* frigate, then lying there. Accordingly, he began to fortify her with tremendous pretension; till Cochrane sent word, that "he need not be alarmed, for no such measure was intended." But he added, "that if he intended it, he would do it in spite of all precautions, and that in mid-day too." A wholesome sternness of decision is absolutely needful in a naval man, and since the days when Drake sent word to the Spaniard, that "his name was Drake, and his matches burning," (to borrow a happy phrase from Kingsley's "Westward Ho!") few men have more successfully displayed it than the subject of this memoir.

Afterwards Lord Cochrane had command of the Brazilian fleet, and Don Pedro made him a marquis. This was in 1823. In 1827-8 he was in the service of Greece, and its "orders" are among the many which testify to the renown of his life. In 1831 he succeeded to his father's earldom. He was, as we have already said, restored to his rank in the English navy, and is now a vice-admiral, a rank which he attained in 1831. His Order of the Bath was restored to him in 1847; but justice came tardily. He is still soliciting the employment of his invention after long years of expectancy—for forty-five years have passed since he submitted it (or one almost identical with it) to a select committee, on the decision of which the Prince Regent "imposed secrecy" upon him as to his discovery—a secrecy which he has faithfully kept.

Lord Dundonald's general talents are worthy of his professional ones. In his "Observations on Naval Affairs" (1847), in his letters and speeches, we find evidence of a quick, powerful, and fervent mind. In elegance, indeed, his writings are not equal to Lord Collingwood's—that most accomplished of modern seamen—but they are, perhaps, not inferior in force; and Collingwood gave no such evidences of a genius for science. Lord Dundonald has much meditated professional discoveries—improved "pop and signal lights," and the like. The public waits with a patience, such as the present war is schooling us all into, for some evidence of a curiosity on the part of Government about his secret "discovery." It was, indeed, "shelved" by Lord Aberdeen, but since that time Aberdeen has been shelved himself; and among other happy results of that event, let us hope to have fair play to an old man tried by various fortunes, at sea and ashore, a long-enduring hero in victory and in distress, who, having done so much, and suffered so much, for three generations of his countrymen, deserves to die with the sound of their great guns ringing in his ears.

We subjoin a sketch of the old Earl's personal appearance from the pen of one who saw him not long since:—

"Taney to yourself," writes our correspondent, "a broad-built Scotchman, rather scarce than conquered by age, with hair of snowy white, and a face in which intellect still beams through traces of struggle and sorrow, and the marks of eighty years of active life. A slight stoop takes away from a height that is almost commanding. Add to these a vision of good old-fashioned courtesy colouring the whole man, his gestures, and speech, and you have some idea of the Earl of Dundonald in this present June, 1855."

THE ASCOT RACING PLATE.

THE ASCOT CUP.

THE "Ascot Cup" for the present year, is a tastefully executed group by Messrs. Garrard, of the Haymarket, from a design by Mr. Spencer. Apart from the beauty of its workmanship, it possesses merits—artistic and even dramatic—of a far higher degree than we have been accustomed to look for in compositions of this description. The subject is a scene from the "Lady of the Lake," where Douglas, having killed the king's huntsman to the earth for maltreating his favourite hound Lafla (her crime being that of outstripping the royal dogs in strength and skill as her master had the royal lackeys), strikes terror to the hearts of the myrmidons daring to menace him, by the mere mention of his name—

"Clamoured aloud the royal train,
And brandished swords and staves again.
But even the Baron's warning, 'Back!
Back on your lives, ye menial pack!
Beware the DOUGLAS!'"

For this outbreak James the Fifth ordered Douglas to be arrested. The figure of the monarch in the act of quelling his rebellious noble's insolence, forms the centre of the group, the expression of regal austerity being tempered, as it were, by an undercurrent of admiration for the old chief's dauntless heroism, thoroughly suggestive of the story's sequel.

* "Journal of a Residence in Chili," by Maria Graham.—This lady (the widow of a captain in the English navy,) was out there in Lord Cochrane's time.

THE QUEEN'S GOLD VASE.

The Queen's Gold Cup for this year is something in the form of an Egyptian vase, surmounted by a group illustrating the world-famous incident from *Tam O'Shanter*:

"But ere the key-stone she could make,
The fiend a tail she had to shake,
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard on the hapless Maggie pressed,
And flew at Tam w' furious yell;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle,
As springing forth off her master's side,
But for a hind her own gray tail,
The carlin caught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump."

The action of this bewildering scene is as well concentrated into three or four figures as could possibly be expected. Tam and Nannie's horse are admirable—especially the latter. The group designed by Mr. E. Colnaghi, has been executed by Messrs. R. and S. Garrard of the Haymarket.

THE ROYAL HUNT CUP.

The Royal Ascot Hunt Cup is in the form of a candelabrum, constructed for the reception of five tapers. The stem and branches represent a twisted vine, with drooping clusters of grapes. At its base two stag-hounds have attacked a wolf. One is disabled, but the other victorious. The howling anguish of the wolf, and the snake-like pertinacity of the triumphant dog, are admirably rendered. The design of this group, which as a mere outline strictly of animal life, would not disgrace Landseer or Ansell, is Mr. Alfred Browne. Messrs. Hunt and Roskell are the silversmiths.

ASCOT HEATH RACES.

THE Derby is past, with Wild Dayrell, the victor, ridden by honest Robert Sherwood; and a pleasant race it is to dwell upon, for the best horse won, and probity triumphed. Another honest deed has lately been done. Mr. T. Hagarty, of Manchester, than whom no truer man exists, after having been two years from the ring, settled his account at Tattersall's on the settling day of the Derby, just in time; for he it known to those unacquainted with the mysteries of the turf that any man not settling on the accustomed pay day has two years' grace given him. If he arranges his account at or within two years' date, he is permitted to receive such debts as may be due to him; otherwise, not! Mr. Hagarty lost heavily on the Derby of 1853, and, with much honour to him be it said, paid all his sporting debts after the Derby of 1855. In just looking back once more, Ipsom, we can remark that there were in most instances bad fields and indifferent racing, and that the numbers were not so great as on many former occasions; and that the Oaks was won by Marchioness, a mare trained by John Scott, an animal never considered worth standing on by the stable, and was not, as we believe, backed for a penny by "the party." This week has been devoted by the sporting world to Royal Ascot. The presence of her Majesty and the Prince Consort has again given to the meeting that prestige which royalty alone in this country can impart. The number of visitors must not be complained of; for ruthless war holds many of the best lovers of the national sport afar in the East. War even has changed the names of many of our races, and (Russian) Emperor's Vases and Crescents must be changed into (British) Gold Cups and Prince Royal Stakes. On Monday, at Tattersall's, Hopsolar, Mortimer, and Vane were principally backed for the Ascot Stakes, the price of each being about 6 to 1. Rataplan had the call for the Queen's Vase, Bracken for the Royal Hunt Cup, and Pandango for the Cup. On Tuesday the muster on the heath was not large, and the results of the races were as follows:—

ASCOT STAKES.—Mortimer, 1; Mishap, 2; Hungerford, 3. Thirteen ran.
TRIAL STAKES.—Colony, 1; Early Morn, 2; Igneous, 3. Five ran.
SIXTH TRIENNIAL.—Claret, 1; Clotilde, 2; Habena, 3. Seven ran.
SEVENTH TRIENNIAL.—Fly by Night, 1; Bird in Hand, 2; Polmoodie, 3. Fifteen ran.
ASCOT DEBBY.—Pugator, 1; Hazel, 2; Strood, 3. Four ran.
GOLD VASE.—Oulton, 1; Rataplan, 2; Saucbox, 3. Six ran.
WELCOME STAKES.—Flatterer, 1; Para, 2. Three ran.

EXCLUSION OF JEWS FROM PARLIAMENT.—Lord John Russell having been interrogated by his constituents with reference to the intentions of the ministry regarding the Parliamentary Oaths question, has replied, "that while the friends of religious liberty are unchanged in their opinion respecting the disabilities of the Jews, the majority of the House of Lords are likewise unchanged in their opinion, that the removal of these disabilities may be safely refused; and that the Government, in these circumstances, would be only throwing away time in attempting to carry a measure which one House of Parliament is sure to reject;" that he considers "it would be inexpedient to stir the question of Jewish Emancipation in the present session of Parliament, and that claims so just can be permanently rejected he will not believe. But the friends of intolerance naturally cling to this last vestige of religious persecution, and *exult in the facility with which the exclusion of a body, not formidable in numbers, can be maintained.*"

REVENUE OF THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—The amount raised for the various objects of the Free Church, for the year ending 31st March, 1855, was £308,050, 9s. 8d., viz., Sustentation Fund, £100,407, 17s. 4d.; Building Fund, £34,175, 12s. 2d.; Congregational Fund, £55,910, 1s. 2d.; Missions and Education, £61,797, 3s. 8d.; Miscellaneous, £25,759, 13s. 3d.

WONDERFUL RESTORATION OF SIGHT.—A Welsh paper records the startling incident of a man of 92, named Owen Williams, residing in a village near Holyhead, recovering his eyesight after a total blindness of forty years. The restoration suddenly took place, while the old man was sitting at the fireside with his daughter, and gazing at her with a bewildered air, he suddenly exclaimed, "Who can you be? Surely it is impossible you can be my daughter, who, when I last saw her, was in blooming youth."

ORDNANCE SURVEY.—It is understood that Government has resolved on proceeding with the survey of Scotland without delay. The cultivated portions of the country are to be mapped on a scale of 25 inches to the mile, the waste districts on a scale of 6 inches to the mile, and the towns on a much larger scale.

ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, AGAIN.—On Thursday the Bishop of London met the Hon. and Rev. R. Liddell and Mr. Westerton, at St. Paul's, for the purpose of inspecting the floral decorations objected to by the latter; and, after a minute examination of them, his Lordship expressed his unqualified approval.

THE CZAR AND HIS SOLDIERS.—The Emperor of Russia, anxious to raise a fund for the relief of the soldiers and sailors, who have had home property injured at Sebastopol, has ordered the sale of two hotels at St. Petersburg belonging to the Admiralty.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A PHILANTHROPIST.—A rich planter of South Carolina lately arrived at Cincinnati with eight negroes, viz., his mother-in-law, his wife, and six children, with a view to manumit the whole, and settle them in the state of Ohio. However, as he stepped on the steambath into a carriage, he suddenly fell down dead. The negroes are free under the state laws, and he had previously bequeathed to them the whole of his property.

It is reported upon good authority that the Empress Eugénie is *en route*. Earl Granville continues unwell, and is much affected by the sudden death of Mr. Fullerton, his nephew, son of Lady Georgina and Mr. Fullerton, who died a few days ago, while staying at Rushmore Lodge, Dorsetshire.

Lieutenant F. De Vere, R.E., brother of the member for Limerick county, is a prisoner to the Russians.

Letters from Italy attribute a political purpose to the journey of the Archduke Maximilian (brother of the Emperor of Austria), now travelling in the Peninsula.

Lord Henry Lennox has been confined to his house by indisposition, and is not sufficiently recovered to resume his parliamentary duties.

Mr. Becker, M.P., is still suffering from ill health, and continues with his family at Cleveland.

THE COURT.

On Sunday last, the Queen and Prince Albert, with the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, Prince Alfred, the Princess Alice, attended Divine Service in the private chapel of the Palace.

Prince Albert, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred and attendants, left Buckingham Palace at nine o'clock, on Monday morning, for the purpose of hearing the speeches of the Eton scholars.

On Tuesday morning, Her Majesty paid a visit to Gore House, Kensington, and remained for some time.

THE PRINCESS ALICE.—A report which has appeared in some of the papers, that her Royal Highness the Princess Alice had suffered from an attack of scarlatina, is without any foundation. All the royal children are in perfect health.

THE INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE ENTRANCE OF THE SPEAKER.

Of the numbers who visit the House of Commons to see their members, or to hear the debate, but few comparatively have had an opportunity of seeing the Entrance of the Speaker, and other formalities which are part of the proceedings of our great National Council. We will, therefore, in this our first Number, commence our Parliamentary articles by describing some of the ceremonies. Usually the House meets at four o'clock, and, taking our stand in the outer lobby, we will describe the manner in which the proceedings of the evening are commenced. In the middle of the session, when the House has fairly got to work, there is generally, at about half-past three, a large number of "strangers" assembled in the lobby. The majority of these are parliamentary agents, their clerks, and other persons interested in the "private business" of the House. Some are there to canvass Members for their support of private Bills,—others to see these measures.

Precisely at ten minutes to four, a voice is heard from the end of the corridor leading to the Speaker's room, announcing the approach of "Mr. Speaker." The Inspector of police who stands where the corridor enters the lobby, cries out, "Hats off, Strangers," and every man is immediately uncovered. The doors of the House are then thrown open, and, preceded by a messenger of the House in full dress, with his silver-gilt badge suspended from his neck, and the Sergeant-at-arms in court costume, with the massive mace on his shoulder—the Speaker in his robes is seen approaching. His train is borne by another messenger in court dress, and he is accompanied by his chaplain, in robes. On the Speaker's approach to the door, the principal doorkeeper goes to the Bar, and calls out, "Mr. Speaker," whereupon the Members who are in the House—some sitting, some standing, and most of them with their hats on—immediately go to their places, and, up-standing and uncovered, reverently bow as the Speaker passes.

MAKING A HOUSE.

On his entrance into the House, Mr. Speaker does not at once take the chair, but stands at the table while the chaplain reads the prayers. When prayers commence, the doors of the House are shut, and the doorkeeper announces that "Mr. Speaker is at prayers," and also rings a bell, or rather sets going a machine which rings bells in all parts of the House where members are likely to be. In about seven minutes "prayers are over," which fact is announced by the doorkeeper, and the bells again ring. The doors of the House are then opened, and as soon as the Speaker has ascertained that the requisite forty members are in the House, he takes the chair. The doorkeeper calls out, "Mr. Speaker is in the Chair," and the business of legislation down upon the paper for the night begins. It sometimes happens that when the hand of the clock points to four, there are not forty members present. In this case, the Speaker at once adjourns the House. This never, however, occurs on Government nights, or when Government wants "to make a House," for on these nights the "Whips" always take care to secure the attendance of the requisite number.

The circumstances under which failures "to make a House" occur, are generally these: It is a public night,—which means that motions of private members take precedence; there is nothing important on the paper,—on the contrary, there are several notices of motion, put there by members of no standing in the House, which it is known will lead to nothing but hours of dreary talk. Of course, as the Government are not interested, its agents will not make a House; and as those who have notices on the paper have not sufficient influence to secure the attendance of forty members—and the members generally are not disposed to waste a night watching proceedings which they care nothing about, and which they know will be perfectly fruitless—it often happens that out of 656 members, it is impossible to get forty to attend. Indeed, sometimes we have known an active canvass to keep members away; and it is not an uncommon thing to see 100 members in the lobby when it is found impossible to get more than 20 in the House. The failures to make a House are often a severe disappointment and mortification to the members who have motions down upon the paper. Fancy a man spending weeks in poring over Blue Books—extracting their contents—elaborating his speech—and then, hurrying down to the House on the great important day full of his subject, finds the doors shut, and learns from the solitary policeman who paces the lobby, that there is no House.

THE "COUNT-OUT."

The "count-out" is another favourite and not uncommon mode of getting rid of a dreary speaker and a disagreeable subject. It generally takes place between the hours of seven and eight, and is managed in this wise: The time we will suppose is half-past seven. The Hon. Member for — has been up for an hour, and the wearisome tide of talk shows no signs of exhaustion. Most of the members are gone to dinner at their clubs, or to the dining-room of the House; and now there are not more than 45 or 50 members present. There is a general disposition to get rid of the speaker and his motion. The Government will be saved the trouble of reply. The young members want, perhaps, to go to the opera—the old members will be glad of a night's rest—and all see that a holiday may be secured without any injury to the State.

The first symptom of a "count" is the congregation of a dozen or twenty members in the inner lobby, anxiously peering through the glass doors; some knowing hand slides in, and, sliding up to different members in the House, tells them what is afoot, and then glides out again. Presently others are seen quietly leaving one by one, without any apparent concert. Somebody then goes to the back of the Speaker's chair and counts the members present. There are 40 with the Speaker. There are too many for the count to be attempted as others may drop in. Another leaves, and then another; and so on until there are only 32 or 33. The member behind the chair then comes forward, and calls "Mr. Speaker's attention to the fact that there are not 40 members present." The orator drops down in the midst of his harangue; the Clerk of the Table turns a 3 minutes' sand-glass, the doorkeeper rings his bell, and when the sand in the glass has run out, the Speaker proceeds to count the members; and then, if 40 has not present, he declares the House to be adjourned. It not infrequently happens that counts are attempted and fail. Perhaps the Hon. Member has made an arrangement with certain members who have gone to dine to watch for the ringing of the bell, and to hurry back to keep the House; or perhaps there may be members who are waiting in the division lobbies, and who upon hearing the bell, return to the House, thinking that there is a division. This latter circumstance, however, does not often happen, as those who are trying to "work" the count station themselves at the doors to intercept such members, and any others who may be ignorant of what is up, and to prevent them from entering.

We have seen some curious scenes before the doors in our time on the occasion of a count. A grave old gentleman is perhaps seen coming up the stairs, who it is known never sanctions a "count," and whose presence would make the House. He has not heard of the attempt, and moves along all unconscious of what is going on; and then a colloquy of this sort ensues:—"I say, B., here is old C. coming up stairs; you must go and stop him." "Oh, never mind him; I'll keep him in chat." And B. starts off as if he were going home, and meeting C., of course must stop to speak to an old acquaintance:—"Ah, my worthy old friend, how are you? What, the gout again?" This is enough; get an old gentleman on to the subject of his ailments, and he is quite safe for a much longer time than three minutes. While they are talking, the door-keeper

knocks the bell, and shouts out, "Who goes home?" and the old gentleman finds the House is up, and perhaps suspects that he has been "counted."

It would be, however, an endless task to enumerate all the manoeuvres practised to secure a count; generally the attempt is successful, though sometimes it fails. When the last count occurred, there were 32 in the House when the motion for a count was made, and 39 when the Speaker counted the members: one more would have kept the House. The notification of the member who is thus unceremoniously stopped, may be better conceived than described. We have alluded to the cry of the doorkeeper, on the adjournment of the House, "Who goes home?" He always shouts out this when the House rises. It is said to mean, "Who goes home with the Speaker to protect him?" and that it has descended down from those troublesome times when it was not safe for Mr. Speaker to go home alone. We have said that the doorkeeper always utters this cry when the House rises; but there is a bona fide exception to this rule, and probably only one, for years. About a month ago the House had, for the first time in its history, a Deputy Speaker. This was in accordance with a resolution of the House passed about four years ago; and on this occasion it was ruled by the authorities, that as there was no Speaker to go home the usual summons should not be made. In connection with this new arrangement concerning the business of the House, we may mention a curious fact. The resolution was proposed by Sir R. H. Inglis, and is called Sir R. H. Inglis's resolution; and it is curious that it was acted upon for the first time on the day that the worthy Baronet's death was mentioned in the "Times."

THE BLACK ROD.

There is another curious ceremony which is occasionally seen at the House, and as it led to a laughable scene on the Friday night when Disraeli's motion was on, we will describe it. When Her Majesty gives her assent to Bills either in person or by commission, Mr. Speaker is summoned to the House of Peers. The summoning officer is "the Usher of the Black Rod," who in full court dress marches in grand state with the black rod on his shoulder to the door of the House of Commons. On his approach the door is locked by the Sergeant-at-arms, and to gain admittance the Usher has to knock three times, which he does with grave solemnity. The door is then thrown open; the doorkeeper walks to the bar, and shouts, "Black Rod;" and the Usher, accompanied by the Sergeant-at-arms with the mace on his shoulder, marches up to the table of the House, both bowing as they advance. At the table the Usher holds his rod upright on the table, delivers his summons, and then, still accompanied by the Sergeant-at-arms, backs out of the House, stopping at every three or four steps to bow. Having arrived at the door, he turns round, and, followed by the Speaker, proceeds to the House of Peers. There the Speaker hears the Royal assent given, and then in due state marches back to the House of Commons. When the Black Rod leaves the House of Commons, the doorkeeper calls out, "Make way for Black Rod;" and then, on the approach of the Speaker, "Make way for Mr. Speaker." On the night alluded to, when "Black Rod" arrived, Lord Palmerston was answering Mr. Disraeli, and was speaking in a more impassioned manner than usual. He was just then asking several very pertinent questions as to the likelihood of his Honourable Opponent's party being allowed to govern the country in case the present Ministry should fall. The House was crowded in every part. All was silent as the grave excepting the Noble Lord, who had just said, "Is this the party?" when, before the sentence could be finished, the doorkeeper stepped forward and shouted out, "Black Rod." The Noble Lord dropped as if he had been shot, and, laughing long and loud, now shaking and now rising again in a fresh peal, rang through the House. At first the Noble Lord seemed stunned, but he soon recovered, and joined in the laughter as heartily as any one, and even the Speaker could hardly draw down his risible muscles to a due tension as the Black Rod marched up the House.

SOMETHING ON CEREMONIES.

There are many other ceremonies which we might describe, but we forbear at present. As it is our intention to take notes every week of the proceedings of the House, we shall describe the rest as they occur. Some of these ceremonies may appear trifling and unsuitable to our present practical times—the entrance of the Speaker, for instance. But we confess we should be sorry to see them abolished. They can do no harm, and they are interesting memorials of other times. We believe, however, that they do good. They serve to hedge the Speaker round with a sort of divinity, prevent all impertinent familiarities with this important functionary, and thereby contribute much towards enabling him to maintain his authority as the president of the large and sometimes unruly assembly. We have not a very high opinion of the character of the House. There is a sad want of earnestness of purpose, intellectual power, and simple integrity about it; but it has one characteristic which is greatly to its credit, and that is its respect for, and profound submission to, its Speaker. A great deal of this is owing, doubtless, to the personal character, great ability, extensive knowledge of this high functionary, and his singular fitness for the office which he holds; but still we believe that in no small degree this respect and submission are preserved by this hedge of ceremony, which fences him off from and keeps him above the rest of the members; and therefore, antiquated and unmeaning as they may some of them appear, we would by no means have them changed. These ceremonies are the clothes of the President of the first legislative assembly in the world, and there has always been, and ever will be, great significance and utility in clothes beyond the mere fact that they keep us warm. During the present session, for the first time in the history of Parliament, the House had a Deputy Speaker; and the members saw in the chair a plain-dressed man, without wig or gown, and we believe we speak the sentiments of the entire House, from the most Conservative to the most Radical member, when we say—It is to be hoped that the like may never be seen again.

Since the above was written, the Speaker has again been ill; and in a future number we will describe what occurred.

A LOBBY CONVERSATION.—"Well, Sir John," said a peace member, "which way do you mean to vote on this question?" Sir John—"Oh, against you." Peace Member—"What! do you mean to say that you are prepared to perpetuate the war, spending millions more money and thousands of lives for that little slip of difference between Russia's propositions and ours?" Sir John—"I don't think much of the size of your slip of difference, as you call it. A lynch-pin is a small thing, but take it out, and over goes the coach."

BATH ELECTION.—Mr. Whateley, Q.C., appeared in the Conservative interest, and Mr. Tite as candidate of the Administrative Reform Association, of which he is one of the vice-presidents. The polling commenced at an early hour on Monday morning; and extraordinary excitement prevailed throughout the city. After a sharp and vigorous contest, there appeared at the close—For Mr. Tite, 1,179; for Mr. Whateley, 1,129; majority for Mr. Tite, 50.

DEATH OF THE DEAN OF CHRISTCHURCH.—On the 2nd inst., Thomas Gaisford, D.D., Dean of Christchurch and Regius Professor of Greek, expired at Oxford, in his 75th year. Dr. Gaisford, who was educated at Westminster School and Christchurch, took his degree of B.A. in 1801, the year before the institution of "honours" in Oxford. In 1811, after having exhibited his talents in the exercise of various functions, he was chosen to the Professorship of Greek, and in 1831, promoted to the Deanery of Christchurch. As a first-rate critical Greek scholar, Dr. Gaisford has rendered important services to literature. He was a Fellow of the Royal Academy of Munich, and corresponding member of the Institute of France. Though a somewhat strict disciplinarian, and blunt in manner, Dr. Gaisford was much beloved in his college, especially by the undergraduates; and ever showed himself the friend and patron of deserving poor students.

GENERAL ORDINATION AT ST. PAUL'S.—On Sunday morning, the Bishop of London held a general ordination at St. Paul's Cathedral, when a number of gentlemen were admitted into holy orders as deacons and priests. After the ordination, the Bishop licensed several gentlemen to curacies in the diocese. The ordination service was preached by the Rev. C. B. Dalton, incumbent of Highgate. The Bishops of Chester and Ely also ordained a number of gentlemen as deacons and priests.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

A DISHONEST LOVER.—Robert McLauren, a well-dressed youth, about 20 years of age, was charged at Lambeth Police Office, on Monday, with obtaining 125*l.* by false pretences, and also with stealing 10*l.* the property of Miss Mary Ann Hill. On Wednesday last the prosecutrix became of age, and being entitled, under the will of her grandmother, to a legacy of 200*l.* she, on that day, received it in two notes. Immediately after receiving the money, Miss Hill handed one of the notes to the prisoner, and having missed him in the City, she returned; but soon after, he called on her at her mother's house, and said that he had been to purchase a cab business in the Blackfriars Road, but wanted 25*l.* more to complete the bargain. On this she handed him the second 100*l.* note, and he gave her what she supposed to be 75*l.* sovereigns, but on subsequently counting them she found to be only 57*l.*

Miss Hill, the prosecutrix, said, that for the last twelve months the prisoner had courted her, and it was arranged that they should be married. And in addition to this, the prisoner's mother, on her death-bed on that day week, received the prisoner's promise that he would marry her. On Wednesday last she became of age, and, accompanied by the prisoner, she went to the office of her solicitor in the City, and received 1200*l.* The other part of the witness's testimony was a mere confirmation of the above statement. In her cross-examination she said, she was aware that her prisoner was entitled to property when of age. The 125*l.* she voluntarily gave the prisoner. And the change he gave her on handing him the second 100*l.* note, she did not count at the time, but placed it between the rafters in the coal-hole of the house, a place to which several persons in the house had access to. She understood that on the day before the prisoner had been out in a four-wheel vehicle with two ladies, and this was the cause of giving him into custody. In re-examination the witness said that the prisoner left the neighbourhood on Thursday, and she had not seen him from that time until she gave him into custody. The father of the prisoner, a decent-looking man, said he was sorry to appear against his own son, but the fact was that he had used Miss Hill so scandalously that he felt bound to attend, and say that his son, since he had got the money, had declared it to be his intention not to marry the young woman, though he solemnly promised his mother on her death-bed, a week ago, that he should. The witness admitted that his son had been tried for felony, convicted, and sentenced to six months' hard labour. Two witnesses named Guest also deposed to having heard the prisoner say, before he received the money, that it was not his intention to marry Miss Hill. A person named Lindsay was here sworn, and said that on the day before (Sunday), he accompanied the prisoner to a place near East-lane, where he (the prisoner) purchased two cabs and two horses for 165*l.*, and paid 15*l.* deposit. In cross-examination the witness admitted that the prisoner had been out with him, his wife, and daughter, the latter being seventeen years of age on the day before. He denied that the prisoner was paying his addresses to his daughter. The prisoner's father having informed the magistrates, that when the prisoner was in trouble, the last witness, his wife, and daughter called at his house, and seemed very anxious to know how much money his son was entitled to. The prisoner was remanded for a week.

RUSSIAN BRAVADO.—A Russian, on the morning of Saturday, the 19th ultimo, walked out of a trench on the side of the Mamelon Vert, running nearly parallel with the ravine between the Mamelon and Frenclan's hill, completely enveloped in a white covering of linen or some such material. The object seemed to be to render himself as conspicuous as possible, for as the sun was shining with a strong glare at the time, the contrast with the grass and dark ground was very marked. When first observed, he could not have been more than five hundred yards from the boyan at the right of the advanced works, towards which his back was turned; but the men in this trench did not fire. A party of men and officers, however, about two hundred yards further off along the advanced work, saw him at once, and discharged altogether about thirty shots at him from their Minies. The first few bullets fell short, but the range being altered, the remainder were observed to kick up the dust on all sides of him. The white gentleman took no notice, beyond looking round twice, nor in any way evinced a desire to elude the lead sent to arrest his progress. Minutes elapsed before he was again under shelter of the works. As there was a covered way at no great distance, along which he could have passed in safety, this extraordinary exposure was manifestly voluntary, or, if forced, must have been a punishment.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS.—"The Emperor," says a writer at Paris, "looked greatly emaciated, wretchedly ill, indeed; the Empress also looked sad and delicate, but very lovely; her smile was singularly mournful. Her hair, which is a fair brown—what *arengla* said it was red—was dressed off her forehead in front in the style which her portraits have made so familiar, but at the back there were innumerable little twisted curls falling over her comb and down her throat. She wore a magnificent diamond tiara, necklace, and bracelets. Princess Mathilde walked immediately behind, wearing all her jewels, or rather those of Prince Demidoff, which she succeeded in retaining in spite of two lawsuits he instituted to recover them."

"Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just."

Wrote British Shakespeare, in his day no doubt.

Stranger! I guess that notion's downright lust;

Six times he's arm'd whose pistol's made by Colt."

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PAPERS abroad observe, that "the Pope has induced Cardinal Wiseman to leave his archdiocese of Westminster, and become a member of the Sacred College at Rome."

NEW BRIDGE AT COLOGNE.—The King of Prussia is shortly to lay the first stone of the new standing bridge over the Rhine at Cologne.

THE REV. DR. McNEIL, by the death of a near relative, arrives, it is said, at a handsome competency; and it is now his intention to retire into private life.

MARTIN LUTHER'S last lineal descendant was not long ago received into the bosom of the Romish Church.

THE CATTLE MARKET, in Copenhagen Fields, will be opened by Prince Albert on Wednesday, the 13th inst.

MONEY MARKET.

A disposition on the part of many speculators to realise, under the impression that Consols are high for war price, and other circumstances, have caused a dullness in the funded securities. There has also been a decline in the Railway Share Market, accelerated by the unfavourable turn of Consols. A firmer feeling has been manifested in both Markets.

On Tuesday last there was a small demand for Gold for the Continent, but the greater portion of the Specie by the steamer from America has been sent to the Bank.

On Wednesday a firmer disposition was evinced in the Stock Market, and prices improved $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. Consols were then quoted at 91 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 91 $\frac{3}{4}$ ex div. for the 10th July. Reduced Three Per Cents. are at 91 $\frac{1}{2}$, and the New Three Per Cents. 92 $\frac{1}{2}$. Bank Stock firm, at 210. The New Terminable Annuities have been dealt in at 16 $\frac{1}{2}$. India Stock, 235 to 238. India Bonds, 22s. prem. Exchange Bills remain firm, at 20s. to 23s. prem.; ditto, bonds, improved to 100 $\frac{1}{2}$.

LONDON GAZETTE.

TUESDAY, JUNE 9.

BANKRUPTS.

WILLIAM PAXON, High Street, Hampstead, auctioneer.—**EDMUND BUTLER**, 3, York Street, Westminster Hospital, baker.—**WILLIAM BOUCH**, Queen Street, Finsbury, licensed victualler.—**BUCHANAN BALFOUR**, Finner's Hall Court, 2, Broad Street, City, underwriter.—**BENJAMIN BOUCH**, William's Terrace, Hawley Road, Kentish Town.—**F. P. MC CARTHY**, 7, Beeth Street, City, metal dealer.—**HENRY LAUBANN**, Fulham, Lodging-housekeeper.—**DAVID** and **BENJAMIN LAWSON**, Bilston, Stafford, ironmasters.—**FREDERICK DAWSON HENCKS**, Coventry, ironmonger.—**GEORGE STANTON**, Birmingham, brewer and builder.—**WILLIAM HANCOCK**, Talk O' th' Hill, Stafford, builder.—**A. H. JAMES**, Moulmouth, stonemason.—**WILLIAM WILLIAMS**, Liverpool, tailor and draper.

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